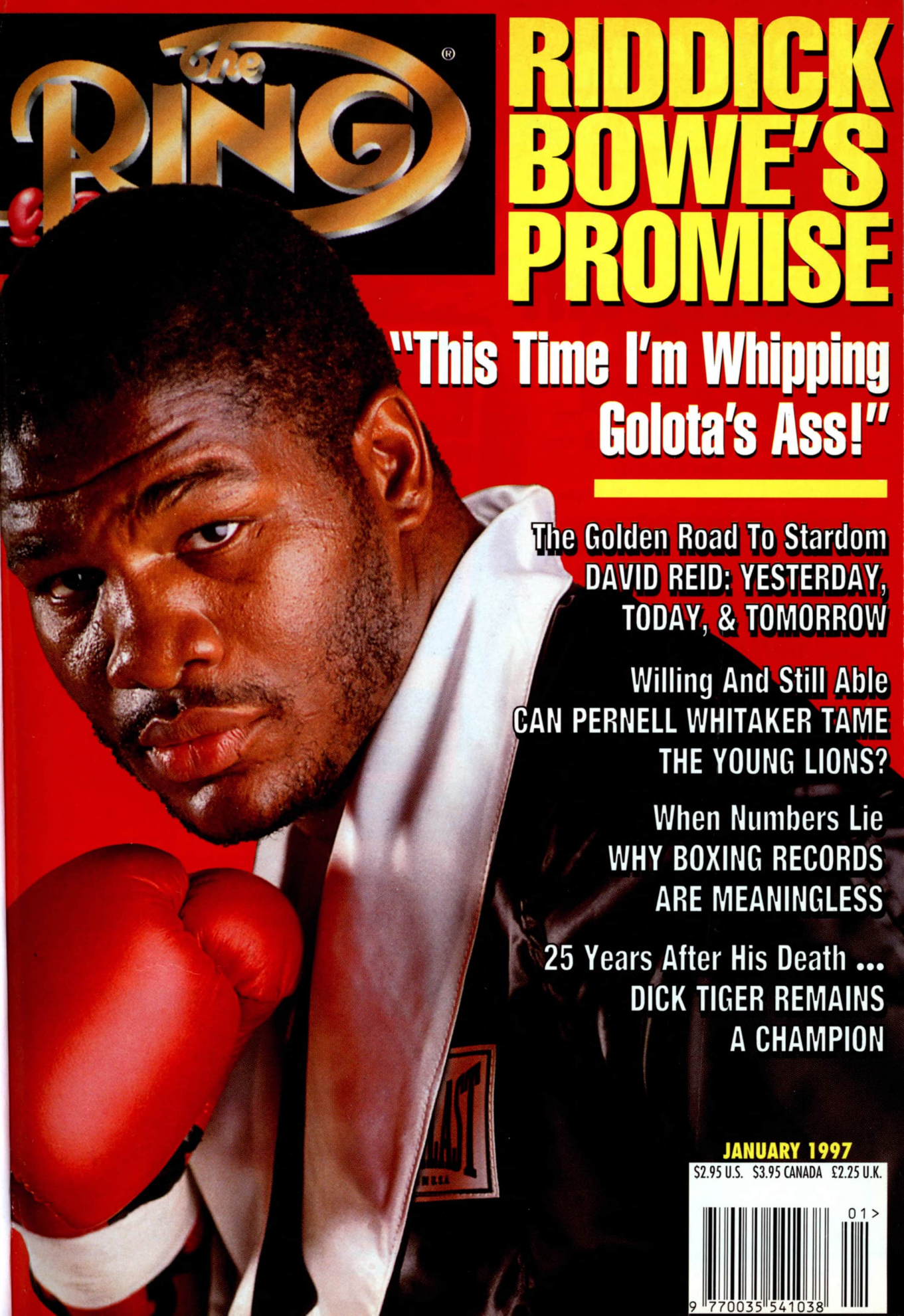
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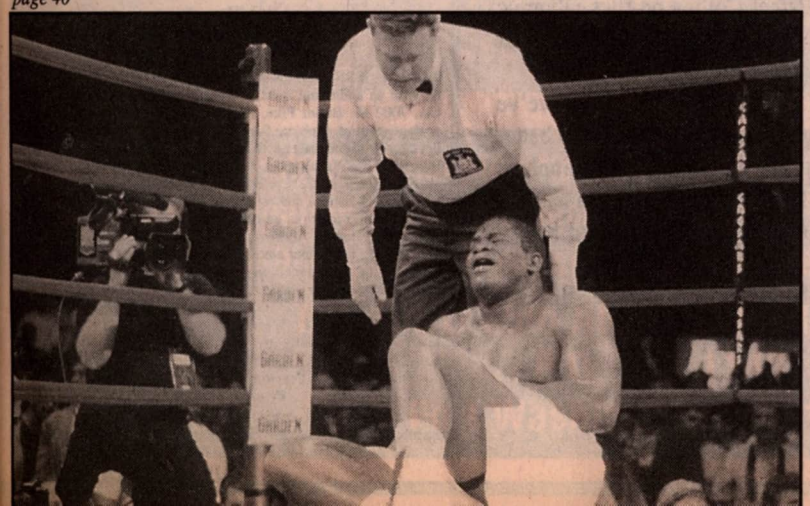

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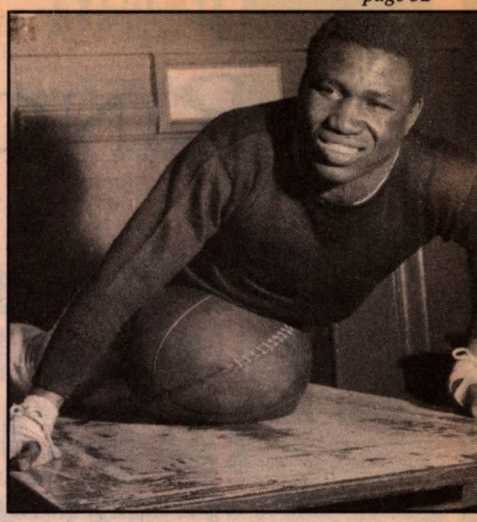

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RINGSIDE

I've been a supporter of Pernell Whitaker for a dozen years. After he was among nine American fighters to win a gold medal at the 1984 Olympics, I touted him as the best bet to make an impact as a pro. Before he embarrassed Julio Cesar Chavez, I was one of only a handful of writers to pick him to win. (The fight is a draw only in the record-books.) When my colleagues labeled Whitaker boring to watch, I argued that they were overlooking his artistry. And much to the dismay of the majority of our readers, I continued to rank the slick southpaw first in THE RING's pound-for-pound top 10 long after public opinion had elevated Roy Jones.

With that said, I'll now tell you why I was unimpressed by Whitaker's rematch points win over Wilfredo Rivera, and why he is no longer good enough to beat Felix Trinidad, Ike Quartey, or Oscar De La Hoya.

First of all, Whitaker is a welterweight only because he scales 147 pounds. He's fought at welter since the end of 1992, but I still think of him as a blown-up junior welter, if not a lightweight. This is relevant only because Whitaker, a month shy of his 33rd birthday, is no longer as slippery as he once was. He remains a defensive genius, but as was evident in both Rivera matches, he has begun the inevitable transition from will-o'-the-wisp to flatfooted fighter. As a result, he'll hit more, but he'll also be hit more. For a fighter who has never knocked down walls, or, for that matter, most of his world-class opponents, that's a dubious formula for victory. Whitaker will continue to get by against good, but not exceptional, fighters like Rivera. However, young and hungry bonebreakers like Trinidad, Quartey, and De La Hoya are now likely to knock him out.

Sorry, Sweet Pea, despite all your greatness, you were never a *fighter*, and you're certainly not going to become one now.

(For a slightly different slant, check out Ron Borges' insightful story on Whitaker-Rivera II on page 38.)

***

In this issue, THE RING begins a long-term project we've been meaning to launch for several months. On page 35, Managing Editor Nigel Collins profiles Olympic gold medalist David Reid. The story is the first in what we hope will be frequent updates on the junior middleweight.

In planning an in-depth and ongoing analysis of a young fighter's career, we've been unable to zero in on the right fighter at the right time. Until now. Who better than Reid? And what better time than right now, after his incredible triumph in Atlanta, but before he turns pro? Moreover, linking Reid with Collins was a natural. The fighter hails from North Philadelphia, and nobody on Bash Boulevard knows more about Philly fighters than Collins does.

It's going to be fun to watch Reid develop. One thing's for sure: Judging by what happened in Atlanta, he's worthy of our attention.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

Volume 76, No. 1 **January 1997**

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THE RING (ISSN: 0035-5410), Vol. 76, No. 1, is published monthly, with an additional issue in December, by London Publishing Co., 7002 W. Butler Pike, Ambler, PA 19002. Periodicals rate postage paid at Ambler, PA 19002 and additional post offices. Postmaster: Send change of address notices to: THE RING, P.O. Box 910, Ft. Washington, PA 19034. Single copy price $2.95 ($3.95 in Canada, £2.25 in U.K.). Subscription price $32.45 in the U.S., $42.85 Canada and remaining countries. Not responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited articles or photographs, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing the proper amount of postage. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. FOR ADVERTISING INQUIRIES AND RATES: (215) 643-6385. U.S. and Canadian distribution by Kable News Inc., 11 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036. International distribution by Worldwide Media Service Inc., 115 East 23rd St., New York, NY 10010, U.K. distribution by Comag, Tavistock Rd., West Drayton, Middlesex UB77QE, England.
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COME OUT WRITING

We welcome your letters, which may be edited for reasons of space and clarity. Send your comments to Come Out Writing, The Ring, P.O. Box 1148, Ft. Washington, PA 19034

THE TYSON-SELDON DISGRACE

I'm a boxing fan, though I'm almost embarrassed to admit it after viewing the pay-per-view card featuring Tyson-Seldon. Aside from the Christy Martin fight, which was excellent, the card consisted of nothing but premature stoppages, two brought about by the referees and one by Seldon, who sadly enjoyed the privilege of calling himself a champion upon entering the ring.

It would have been nice had Seldon at least waited until a clean punch landed before making his exit. It seemed obvious that like a lot of Tyson's opponents, Seldon was scared. Doesn't anybody watch a tape of the Buster Douglas fight? And as for Tyson, in the category of disappointing fights, he's four-for-four since returning from prison.

By the way, can someone please inform Tyson's managers that in America we take our hats off during the National Anthem?

JOHN OLIVIERI
Belleville, NJ

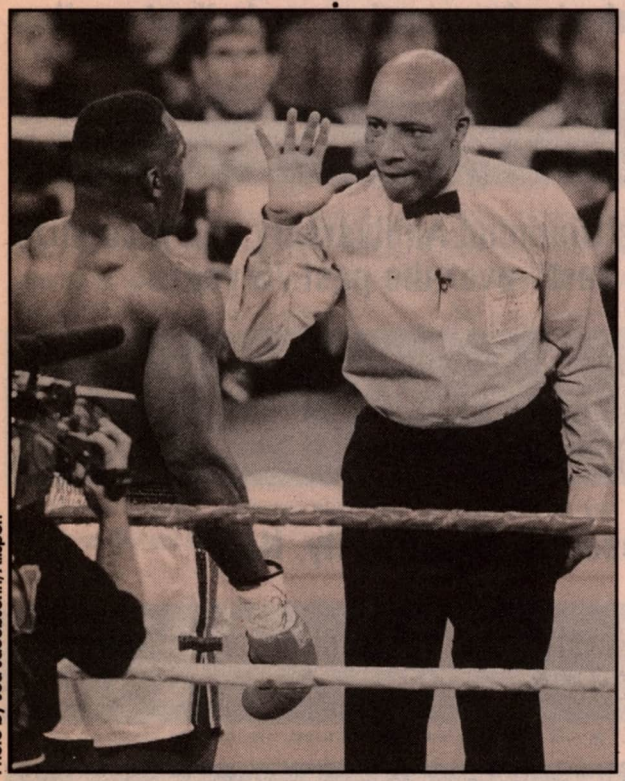


Photo by Jed Jacobsohn/Allsport

Richard Steele issues a count to Bruce Seldon, who seemed to welcome the referee's first-round stoppage of his WBA heavyweight title defense against Mike Tyson in September. Predictably, our readers have not been particularly supportive of Seldon.

I really thought Seldon would run and hug for two or three rounds. But no, the guy had to get layed out on his face by a thumb to the head. He had the look of a fighter who needed to change his trunks.

JACK ZASTROW
Mosinee, WI

Bruce Seldon trying to explain his pitiful performance vs. Mike Tyson: "I didn't realize he hit that hard. I didn't realize he was that fast."

Well, Bruce, where have you been for the past 10 years, in a coma? At least when Steven Seagal awoke from his coma in *Hard To Kill*, he had some fight left in him. Seldon claims to have trained hard for 12 weeks. He looked to be in great condition, and at least potentially, he had the style to make it awkward for Tyson. But his excuses border on ignorance. What was he expecting from Tyson? What would he have said had he been kayoed by Joe Louis, George Foreman, or Earnie Shavers? "I didn't think they hit that hard"?

Had Tyson hit Seldon cleanly, I'd have no problem. But the right that put him down skimmed the top of his head, the way a barber skims your hair with clippers. I knew Seldon had a chin made of the most fragile porcelain china. But I didn't realize it was *that* fragile.

ANTHONY FALCE
London, England

TSZYU IS OVERRATED

I don't understand how you can rate IBF junior welterweight champion Kostya Tszyu ahead of more established fighters such as Frankie Randall and Julio Cesar Chavez. You also have Tszyu listed in your pound-for-pound top 10. I understand that Tszyu has great potential, but how can you rate a fighter on potential alone?

MIGUEL MARTINEZ JR.
Chandler, AZ

I have trouble understanding why Tszyu is ranked in your pound-for-pound top 10. Who has he beaten? Only Jake Rodriguez and Roger Mayweather are worth mentioning. But everyone's been stopping Rodriguez, and Tszyu had trouble in winning a decision against Mayweather.

Fighters like Bernard Hopkins, Ike Quartey, and Frankie Randall are more deserving of a pound-for-pound ranking than Tszyu. Someday he may be worthy of the position, but not yet.

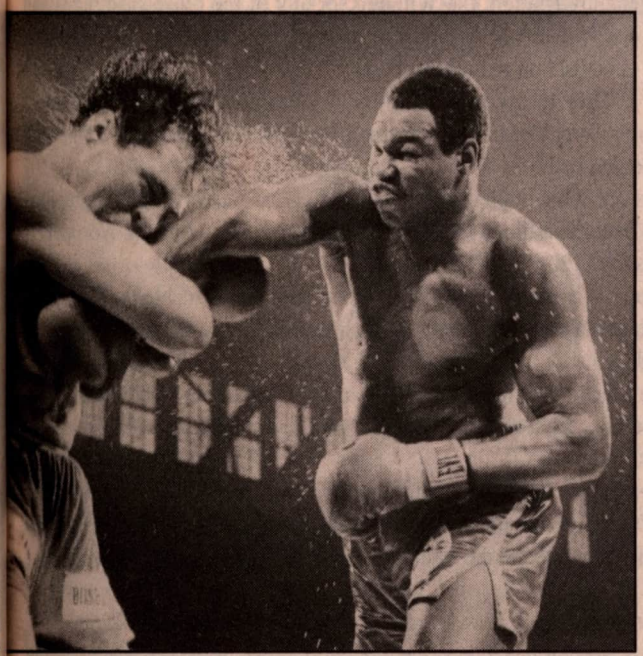
JASON CAMPENY
Natural Bridge, NY

FRAZIER OVER HOLMES

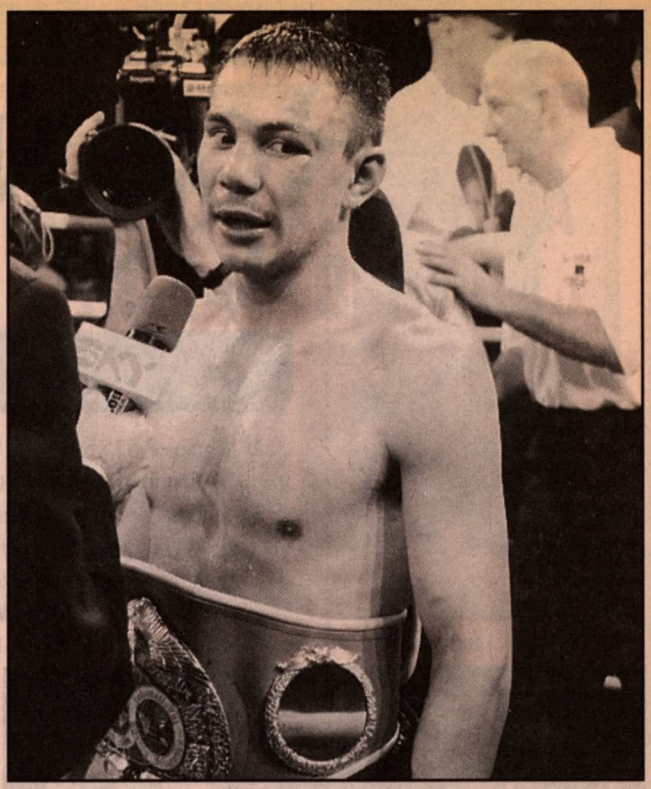
Although Joe Frazier would have indeed been a difficult opponent for Larry Holmes, it is unfortunate that all three of your panelists had "Smokin' Joe" winning. ("Battle Of The Legends," November 1996.) Considering how wide-open Frazier would've been for Holmes' world-class jab, you'd think at least one of the experts would've seen Holmes winning by late-round stoppage or cuts.

Regardless, there can be no question that, unlike Frazier, Holmes should rank among the all-time greats. Only two heavyweights registered eight consecutive kayos in title defenses—Tommy Burns and Holmes. Only two heavyweights have compiled the lion's share of a 50-0 record—Rocky Marciano and Holmes. Only two heavyweights have racked up 20 or more title fight victories in a row—Joe Louis and Holmes. Only two heavyweights have logged more than 260 rounds in title fights—Muhammad Ali and Holmes. Only two fighters have engaged in heavyweight title bouts at age 45 or older—George Foreman and Holmes. And finally, at 44-0, Holmes has the best record of all heavyweight champions in non-title bouts.

MIKE REVELES
San Diego, CA



Longtime heavyweight champion Larry Holmes connects during his 1983 title defense against Lucien Rodriguez. How would Holmes have fared against Joe Frazier? In "Battle Of The Legends," all three of our panelists picked "Smokin' Joe." Several readers disagreed.



Kostya Tszyu continues to roll as IBF junior welterweight champion. Does the Australian belong in THE RING's pound-for-pound ratings? Some readers believe he hasn't beaten enough big names to warrant consideration.

I strongly disagree with the results of your Frazier-Holmes matchup. Holmes would've stopped Frazier by the 10th round, just as he stopped big punchers Earnie Shavers and Gerry Cooney. The experts seemed to have forgotten that Frazier got tattooed by fighters with very good jabs (Muhammad Ali) and uppercuts (George Foreman). Frazier would have been stopped in his tracks by Holmes' jab, nailed by his right cross, and finally dropped with his right uppercut.

DAVID MAGNUSSON
Hialeah, FL

Holmes has never received his just due. Frazier would have been made to order for "The Easton Assassin." Nobody ever stopped Holmes while he was in his prime, and a stoppage victory would have been Frazier's only hope. In other words, he would have had no hope at all.

JIM CIMAROLLI
Sulphur Springs, TX

I have the utmost respect for Teddy Brenner, but his opinion that Frazier didn't hit hard enough to knock out Joe Louis needs further discussion. First, you have to consider how many fighters knocked Louis down, among them Max Schmeling, Jimmy Braddock, Jersey Joe Walcott, Buddy Baer, and Tony Galento. Then you have to remember that Frazier not only hit Ali, but hurt him and floored him. I don't know if Frazier would've beaten Louis, but no matter the opposition, I'll put my money on the Frazier of March 8, 1971.

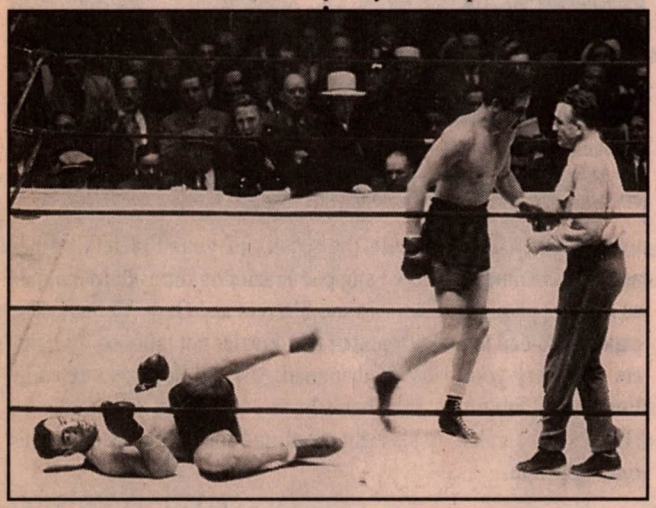
TED DAMIECKI
Bridgehampton, NY ■

ROUND ONE

PLAY IT BY EAR!

It happened 62 years ago, and the result is more universally known—and easier to look up—than the identity of the current WBF or IBO heavyweight champion. Nonetheless, it is impossible to listen to an audio tape of the June 14, 1934, Max Baer-Primo Carnera title bout without feeling the hair on your neck stand up in anticipation as commentator Graham McNamee excitedly begins describing the action in the first round.

That's a feeling Mike Welch has been getting since the first time his father gave him a blow-by-blow report of a televised fight in the '50s, and that boxing fans all over the world have been able to experience since Welch, 43, began his "Fight Tape Exchange," which offers for sale more than 200 radio fight broadcasts from the '30s through George Foreman-Axel Schulz.



Baer-Carnera: Better on the radio

About 25 percent of his clients are blind, like Welch, who was born unsighted, but has never let that stop him from doing what he's wanted, including parachuting out of airplanes and bungee-jumping.

For what started as a glorified hobby, Welch is amazed at the calls and requests that come almost daily by mail and phone to his home in Milwaukee. "Your people under 40, it's mostly Ali, Ali, Ali," he says. But older fans and collectors call in search of Joe Louis fights (Welch has 13 of them, available as a set for $120), or Sugar Ray Robinson, or Billy Conn-Fred Apostoli, Beau Jack, Johnny Bratton, Ike Williams, or any of the other champions and contenders whose tapes Welch has collected from the old Pabst Blue Ribbon radio broadcasts.

"They're my pride and joy; I love these things," says Welch, who calls the first Carmen Basilio-Tony DeMarco bout "the best fight I've heard in a long, long time. Just a slugfest from the opening bell."

Also popular with collectors are his complete tapes of the fictional heavyweight champions tournament concocted and aired over the radio in the '60s by computer wizard Murray Woroner. A complete set of all 15 bouts goes for $120.

Welch's wife, Karen, types up his catalogs. (Braille and taped ones are available for the blind.) The prices are listed ($16 per tape), as are the length of each cassette and the quality, which is amazingly good, even on the old fights.

Welch gets new tapes all the time. When he acquires one of an old non-title fight whose result he may not know, he scores the bout as he listens. "There's times I wonder what the hell those judges were looking at," he says.

Radio broadcasts of boxing matches have just about gone the way of the understated boxing announcer, which gives Welch's collector's items wide appeal. A boxing fan in Tokyo recently ordered 50 tapes from him, even though the audio is in English and the man barely understands a word.

For a free catalog, write Mike Welch at 9822 W. Morgan Avenue, Milwaukee, WI 53228. Or better yet, phone (414) 321-9555. It's worth it just to hear the wonderful voice of the late Johnny Addie on Welch's tape machine intone, "The winner, and heavyweight champion of the world … !"

–Pete Ehrmann

HOT—BUT NOT OFF THE PRESSES

Don't tell Michael Solomowitz that yesterday's newspapers are only good for wrapping fish. They mean big clams for the founder and president of Box Seat Collectibles, whose latest catalog offers boxing fans the chance to purchase original daily newspapers reporting some of the biggest events in ring history. And not just Mike Tyson's escapades, either. The four boxing pages in the 44-page *Sports Catalog #11* contain newspapers reporting big ring events, from Riddick Bowe's 1992 title win over Evander Holyfield all the way back to the 1842 death of one Thomas McCoy ("Details Of The Bloody Match That Went Over 100 Rounds!"). Prices range from $95 (MARCIANO KNOCKS OUT WALCOTT IN 13th ROUND TO WIN WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!) to $10 (GALENTO KAYOS LOU NOVA!).

These are not microfilmed copies or reproductions, but the actual newspapers themselves. Solomowitz, who started his company in 1989, now has an inventory of more than 50,000 vintage papers from around the country.

"Most we sell are in real nice shape," he says. "You can open and read 'em like yesterday's paper. Some of the conditions range from fair to poor, but I don't buy fragile or wrecked newspapers."

Solomowitz' catalog also contains sections on other sports, and offers a small selection of boxing programs, magazines, and advertisements. "The boxing stuff is selling really, really well," he says.

FINAL DAILY NEWS

New York, Saturday, September 14, 1939

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In 1939, this newspaper cost all of two cents

So if you're interested in owning the actual January 2, 1938, edition of the New York *Daily News* that reports the death of bare-knuckle hero Jake Kilrain, or the October 9, 1935, *Daily News* that announces JOE LOUIS CALLED SISSY AS BOY!, the Box Seat Collectibles' *Sports Catalog # 11* is available for $5 (refunded with your first order) by writing PO Box 2013, Dept. PRS5, Halesite, NY 11743-0852. Or call 516-423-1025. Solomowitz also takes special orders.

–Pete Ehrmann

"THE DUKE" WANTS TO RIDE AGAIN

Tommy Morrison's retirement lasted seven months, which, by current boxing standards, is longer than most.

Earlier this year, the 27-year-old Morrison, confirming he was HIV positive, retired from the ring. In September, he announced a one-fight comeback in an effort to raise money for Knockout AIDS, the foundation he created to help children with the disease.

"I know there's a lot of people out there who are probably not going to like what I'm doing," Morrison said. "But they will have to listen to what I have to say.

"I've talked to some of the best doctors in the world. That and other research has convinced me that HIV cannot be spread in the ring."

As we went to press, it was anticipated Morrison would fight on the George Foremen–Crawford Grimsley card of November 2. Several fighters have said they wouldn't trade punches with him, but at least two heavyweights, trialhorse Ross Puritty and former world champion Foreman, are willing. Said Puritty, who drew with Morrison in 1994, "I think HIV is not as easy to catch as everyone says it is. I don't plan to have sex with the guy. If the money is right, I'll fight anybody."

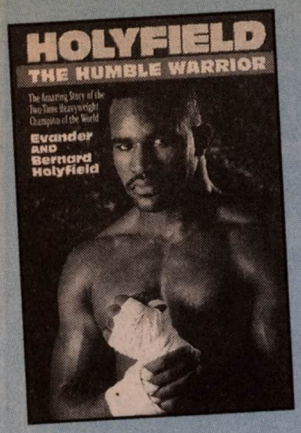
Photo by Jay Lash

Morrison isn't done punching

Boxing commissions throughout the USA, only some of which test for the AIDS virus, revoked Morrison's license when he announced he was HIV positive. Whether he'll challenge such commissions in court or opt to try and fight in a state without a commission, such as his native Oklahoma, remains to be seen.

–Steve Farhood

THE BOXING BOOKSHELF



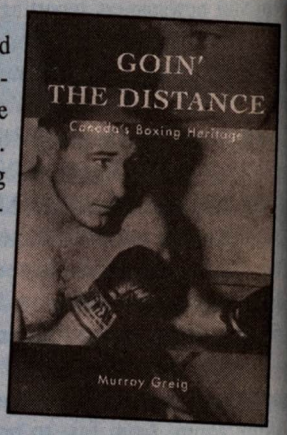
Holyfield: The Humble Warrior (Thomas Nelson Publishers, 256 pages, $23.99) is one of the worst sports biographies I've ever had the misfortune of reading. The simply written book is penned by Evander and Bernard Holyfield ("The Real Deal's" older brother), and that's among the problems. Judging by the narrative, Bernard Holyfield is the primary author. He'll never be confused with Bernard Malamud, and when he writes in first-person, it becomes an obtrusion.

Worse yet is the author(s)' heavy-handed and repetitive references to the heavyweight's spiritual side. Funny, but every time Holyfield triumphs in a tough fight, it's because of his strong belief in God. But when he loses, it's because of physical failings.

One more thing: There are enough factual errors to keep a battery of copy editors and proofreaders busy for a month. Holyfield did not defend the cruiserweight title against Michael Brothers; it was a non-title fight. The cruiserweight limit is 190 pounds, not 175. Riddick Bowe is a Christian, not a Muslim. Bobby Czyz is not a former middleweight champion. Michael Moorer did not beat Holyfield by a 3-2 decision, but by a majority verdict that was rendered by three judges, not five. And on and on and on …

Evander Holyfield is a good man and a great fighter. If you want to believe that he's a saint and a champion who all others must be judged against, you might enjoy *Holyfield: The Humble Warrior*. But if you're looking for an objective, insightful biography, you'll have to wait a while longer.

–Steve Farhood



Canada's presence in the world of professional boxing can't compare with the rich histories of the United States and Britain. Nonetheless, Canadian boxing has its own long history of controversy, tragedy, and triumph. It's just that so few people know about it.

Award-winning journalist and Canadian boxing columnist Murray Greig is setting out to change that with *Goin' The Distance: Canada's Boxing Heritage* (Macmillan Canada, $27.95), a 246-page historical tribute to the likes of Sam Langford, Tommy Burns, George Chuvalo, and Donnie Lalonde, who have sweated and suffered for the Sweet Science.

An entertaining, fast-paced read that reaches back two centuries or more, *Goin' The Distance* doesn't quite live up to its title. Many of the fighters' careers, and the events swirling around them, are summed up too quickly, like a list in a cata-

PUERTO RICAN HEROES

Long-time correspondent Mario Rivera Martino reports of the opening of the Puerto Rico Boxing Hall of Fame. Celebrating were several active and former fighters from the boxing-rich island, including (from left) Daniel Jimenez, John-John Molina and son, Alfredo Escalera, Rafael Del Valle, Wilfred Benitez, Victor Callejas, Edwin Rosario, unidentified, Wilfredo Vazquez, Angel Espada, Carlos Ortiz, and Sammy Fuentes.

The first Puerto Rican world champion was bantamweight Sixto Escobar, who was crowned in 1934. Another of the island's early fistic heroes was lightweight and welterweight Pedro Montanez, who fought for world honors in 1937 and 1940, but never wore a championship belt.

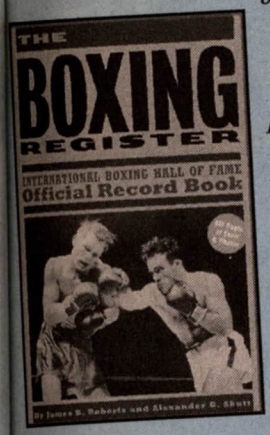
Photo by Manuel Moran

The legends turned out for the opening of the Puerto Rican Hall of Fame

log. You get only brief glimpses of some fascinating lives.

Furthermore, Greig is restrained by three decades of journalism that prevent him from opening up with flourishes of color and opinion. His objectivity keeps him in check; he lists the fights and gets the quotes. That aside, he's off to a groundbreaking start on a job long overdue.

–Warren Tasker

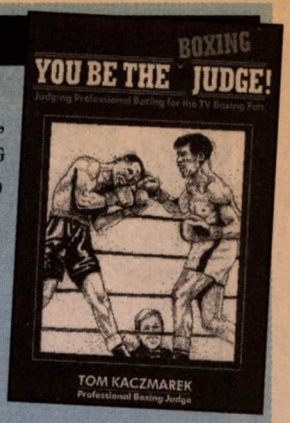


As far as reference books go, *The Boxing Register* (McBooks Press, 448 pages, $19.95), the official record-book of the International Boxing Hall of Fame, is a keeper. Authors James B. Roberts and Alexander G. Skutt rely on a simple format—biographies and easy-to-read records of those who have been inducted into the IBHF. Accompanying the information are dozens of black-and-white action photos, many of which were pulled from THE RING's archives.

The Ring Record Book And Boxing Encyclopedia was last published in 1987. *The Boxing Register* helps fill the void in a no-nonsense way.

–Steve Farhood

New Jersey's Tom Kaczmarek is among the most respected judges in boxing. Who better, then, to pen *You Be The Boxing Judge: Judging Professional Boxing For The TV Boxing Fan* (Dorrance Publishing Co., 29 pages, $9.95)? Most of the readers of THE RING will find Kaczmarek's manual a bit too simple. For instance, hard-core boxing fans already know the difference between effective and ineffective aggressiveness, or a 10-9 round and a 10-8 round. For the casual fan, however, the judge's simple explanations will prove quite helpful. Scoring remains a largely subjective exercise, and even the four basic criteria, clean punching, effective aggressiveness, ring generalship, and defense, are easily—and often—misunderstood.



While written for a general audience, the manual did teach me something. I read it two days after Pernell Whitaker's decision victory over Wilfredo Rivera. In that bout, referee Frank Santore ruled a knockdown in round five, even though it appeared that Whitaker had slipped or tripped to the canvas. Scoring at home, I gave Rivera the round by 10-9, and not 10-8. But according to Kaczmarek, "A judge should not attempt to second-guess a referee. When a referee rules a knockdown, it should be scored a knockdown. For example, a referee may rule a knockdown when in your view it appears to be a slip. In such an instance, your score for the round should reflect the guidelines that apply for a knockdown."

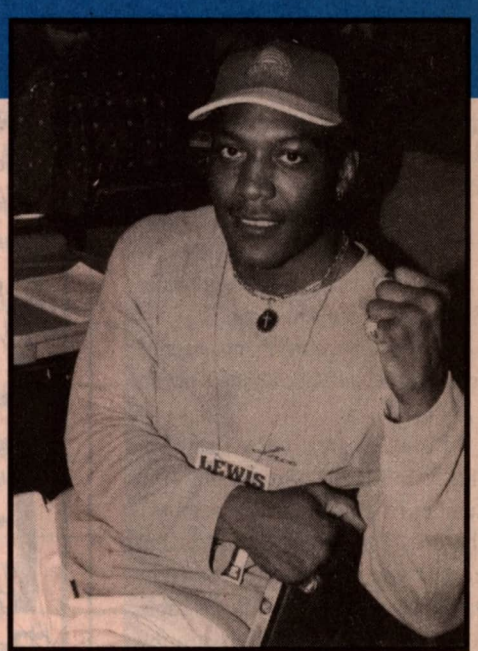
It's never too late to learn.

Those interested in purchasing *You Be The Boxing Judge* should contact Dorrance Publishing at 800-788-7654.

–Steve Farhood

THE 10 POSTFIGHT EXCUSES BRUCE SELDON KEPT IN RESERVE

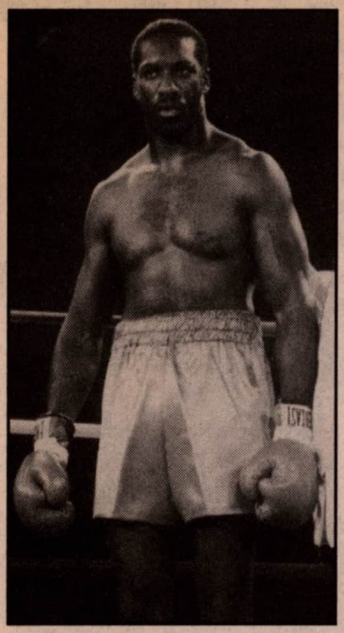
10. "I got overly emotional during the National Anthem; that part about the flag still being there gets me every time."
9. "In smearing Vaseline on my face, my trainer poked me in the eye, scratching my cornea."
8. "Tyson stepped on my foot, aggravating that damned corn on my big toe."
7. "My stomach—you can just never trust sushi in the desert."
6. "Don King poisoned my water bottle with that stuff he puts on his hair."
5. "I must've pumped too much iron in camp; one of my biceps exploded in the dressing room. What a mess!"
4. "In staring down Tyson during the final instructions, I saw the suffering and the pain in his eyes. I saw his misspent youth as a deprived man-child who had been overwhelmed by the maelstrom of inner-city hopelessness. How could I have hit the poor guy?"
3. "Marvis Frazier was my adviser for this fight."
2. "How was I supposed to focus with all those people in the crowd?"
1. "My dog pee'd on it."



Seldon: "You want to know **why** *I lost?"*

Photo by Manuel Moran

THE POLICE BLOTTER



Tillman: Charged with murder

Former WBA heavyweight champion **John Tate** was arrested in his hometown of Knoxville, Tennessee, on charges of stealing cinderblocks and other construction materials from a supermarket ... In Los Angeles, former cruiserweight contender and 1984 Olympic gold medalist **Henry Tillman** was charged with murder in connection with the shooting death of a man last January. According to reports, charges are expected to carry a special circumstances allegation that could send Tillman to death row if he is found guilty ... Highly touted heavyweight prospect **Jo-el Scott**, 25, pleaded guilty to charges of attempted rape and leaving the scene of an accident. The Albany, New York, native faces three-to-six years in prison ... Charged by the Mexican government with alleged tax fraud, **Julio Cesar Chavez** was expected to sign over much of the $1.5-million purse he was to earn for his October bout with **Joey Gamache** ... In the Cincinnati suburb of Norwood, Ohio, former WBA heavyweight champion **Tony Tubbs** was arrested for possession of crack cocaine.

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

Is D'Amato still looking out for Rooney?

Longtime Los Angeles columnist and boxing writer **Allan Malamud** died of natural causes. He was 54 ... The U.S. Olympic Committee confirmed that an audit had discovered USA Boxing misspent $2.36-million in USOC grants from 1991 to 1995, the Colorado Springs *Gazette Telegraph* reported ... A federal jury in Albany, New York, ordered WBA heavyweight champion **Mike Tyson** to pay **Kevin Rooney** $4,415,651 to settle a suit the trainer had filed. Rooney, who was fired by Tyson in 1988, said the heavyweight had broken a lifetime verbal contract given to the trainer by **Cus D'Amato** in 1982. Rooney sued for $49-million. Tyson said he would appeal what he called an "unjust decision."

THE PUNCHLINES

"[Mike Tyson] is the greatest fighter I have ever seen. I believe history will dictate that if we can keep both of us out of jail ... "

–Don King before Tyson-Seldon

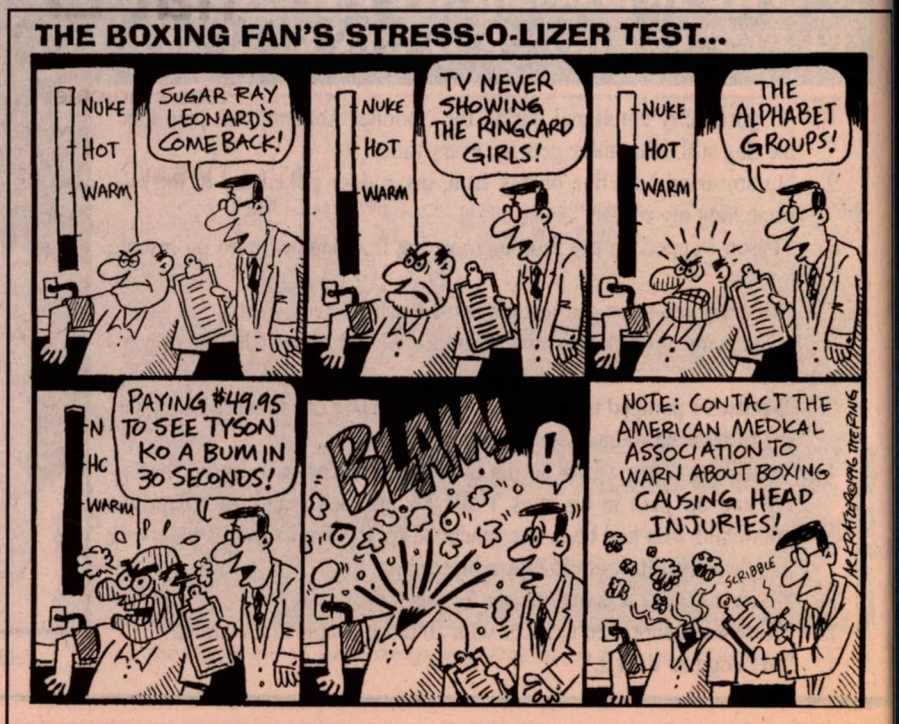
"It's like eating a hand grenade: 'Sorry, your head's missing.'"

–Joe Sayatovich, manager of Terry Norris, on Mike Tyson's punch

"I saw the great ones. I saw the Thrilla In Manila. Great fight. The Rumble In The Jungle, remember? This one? The Gyp On The Strip. Let me tell you how phony this fight was. Even people with illegal cable hookups demanded their money back."

–Jay Leno on Tyson-Seldon

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



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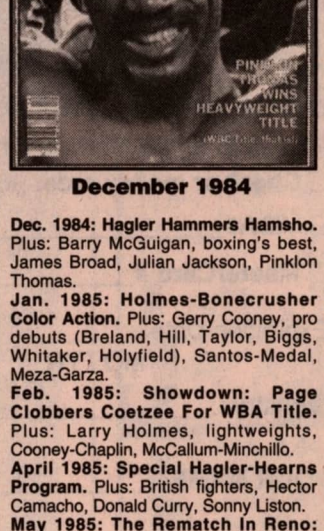

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Aug. 1993: A Ring Exclusive: Julio Cesar Chavez Speaks Out. Plus: Bobby Czyz, 10 hardest punchers, Rafael Ruelas, Carmen Basilio, closing of the Fifth Street Gym, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).

Oct. 1993: Tommy Morrison: Good Enough To Beat Big George, But Will He Win The Heavyweight Title? Plus: Riddick Bowe, Mike Capriano, Billy Conn-Joe Louis, All-Time Top 10: Puerto Rico, Charles Murray.

Dec. 1993: What If Mike Tyson Had Never Gone To Jail? Plus: Freddie Pendleton, Michael Moorer & Tommy Morrison, Willie Pep, Ed Dunkhorst, All-Time Top 10: Cuba, Tyson-Spinks (color).

Jan. 1994: Was Pernell Whitaker Robbed In San Antonio? Plus: Azumah Nelson, Willis Britt, State of the Game.

Feb. 1994: The British Are Coming! Does America Have Anything To Worry About? Plus: Felix Trinidad, Junior Jones, fight clubs (part I), Toney-Hearns.

March 1994: Evander Holyfield's Formula For Success—Obsession + Guts = Fulfillment. Plus: Oscar De La Hoya, Michael Bentt, Kronk, boxing novels, All-Time Top 10: Wales, fight clubs (part II).

April 1994: Michael Carbajal: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Brown-Norris, Kevin Kelley, Ceferino Garcia, Oscar De La Hoya, Tunney Hunsaker, Spinks-Foster.

May 1994 (92-Page Special) Division-By-Division: The Greatest Fighters Of All-Time. Plus: Virgil Hill & Orlando Canizales, Kostya Tszyu, James Toney, What If ... Dempsey vs. Wills.

June 1994: Moorer-Holyfield: Slugfest Or Stinker? Plus: Terry Norris, Paul Pender, Randall-Chavez I, Gonzales-Carbajal II, kickboxing.

July 1994: "I Wanna Be Like Sugar Ray": Oscar De La Hoya Becomes A Prime-Time Player. Plus: Nigel Benn, Gianfranco Rosi, Sullivan-McCaffrey, Donald-Williams, 10 likely upsets, All-Time Top 10: England.

Aug. 1994: Bowe's Back! Determined To Do It Again. Plus: Eric Griffin, Pernell Whitaker, Ray Mercer, Roger Donoghue, State of the Game (midterm report), All-Time Top 10: The Philippines.

Sept. 1994 (92-Page Special): How Michael Moorer Defeated Evander Holyfield, By Teddy Atlas! Plus: Chavez-Randall II, Lennox Lewis, Mando Ramos, all-time greatest cards, What If ... Duran vs. Arguello, All-Time Top 10: Scotland.

Oct. 1994: Rating The Champs: Whitaker & Toney Lead The Field ... But Roy Jones Is Closing Fast. Plus: Oscar De La Hoya, Meldrick Taylor, Rafael Ruelas, Curtis Cokes.

Nov. 1994: With Lewis Fighting Bowe ... Is Michael Moorer's Career Off-Target? Plus: Wayne McCullough, Hall of Fame, Alejandro Lavorante, Rocky Marciano, Paz-Duran, Injuries (part I), What If ... Pedroza vs. Sanchez.

Dec. 1994: Fighting-Mad! James Toney Just Wants To Beat People Up. Plus: Duran & Robinson, Don King, Mike McCallum, Injuries (part II), Tom Molineaux.

Winter 1994 (92-Page Special): Mike Tyson: An Exclusive Interview From Behind Bars. Plus: Best of the last 100 years, Jones-Toney preview, Injuries (part III), Miguel Angel Gonzalez, Jack Sharkey, What If ... Galindez-Conteh.

Jan. 1995: A Puncher's Dream: Oliver McCall Upsets Boxing's Balance Of Power. Plus: Ruelas brothers, Quincy Taylor, "Unfinished Business," Dave Maier, All-Time Top 10: Canada.

Feb. 1995: Return To Greatness? Mike Tyson Doesn't Know His Future ... But THE RING Does! Plus: Pernell Whitaker, Lennox Lewis, Mark Johnson, Orlando Canizales, Tom Johnson, Irving Cohen.

March 1995 (92-Page Special): Through The Years: The Incredible Career(s) Of George Foreman. Plus: Jones-Toney, Ali in China, Chiquita-Carbajal III, Hank Kaplan.

April 1995: Roy Jones—Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Ex-champs Moorer, Holyfield, Lewis, & Bowe, Chavez-Lopez & Castro-Jackson, Olzubek-Gamache, What If ... Chandler-Pintor.

May 1995: The State Of The Game. Plus: Olzubek & Arbachakov, Gonzalez-Kelley, Pazienza-Duran II, All-Time Top 10: France.

☐ Apr/80	☐ Oct/84	☐ Sep/86	☐ Oct/88	☐ May/91	☐ Jan/94
	☐ Dec/84	☐ Oct/86	☐ Nov/88	☐ Jun/91	☐ Feb/94
☐ Aug/81	**All 7 $28**	**All 10 $37**	**All 10 $37**	☐ Jul/91	☐ Mar/94
☐ Oct/81				☐ Aug/91	☐ Apr/94
	☐ Jan/85	☐ Apr/87	☐ Jan/89	☐ Oct/91	☐ May/94
☐ Feb/82	☐ Feb/85	☐ May/87	☐ Feb/89	☐ Dec/91	☐ Jun/94
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☐ Jun/84	☐ Jun/86	☐ Aug/88		☐ Dec/93	**All 5 $22**
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THE RING RATINGS

For Period Ended October 10, 1996

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

Records By Fight Fax Inc.

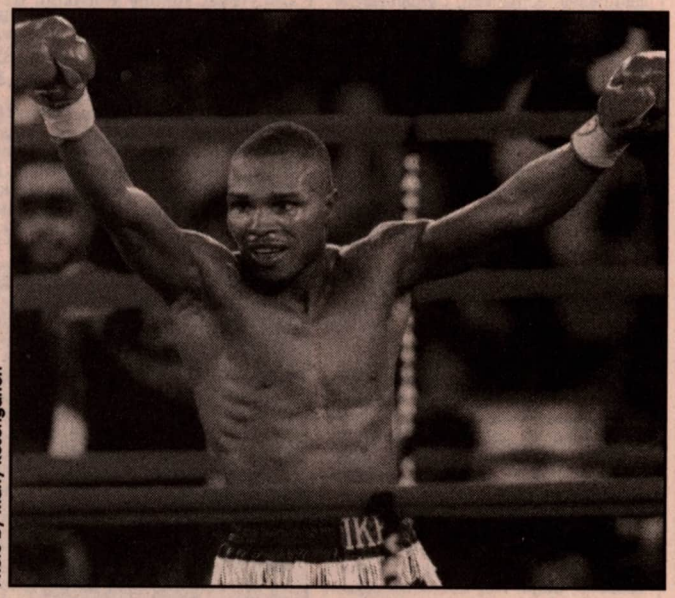


Photo by Marty Rosengarten

Ike Quartey beats Oba Carr to hold third spot at welterweight

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **MIKE TYSON** Southington, OH *45-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **LENNOX LEWIS** England *29-1*
3. **RIDDICK BOWE** Fort Washington, MD *39-1*
4. **MICHAEL MOORER** Detroit, MI *37-1 (IBF Champ)*
5. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD** Atlanta, GA *33-3*
6. **ANDREW GOLOTA** Chicago, IL *28-1*
7. **TIM WITHERSPOON** Philadelphia, PA *45-4*
8. **HENRY AKINWANDE** England *30-0-1*
9. **ALEXANDR ZOLKIN** Westerville, OH *24-2*
10. **OLIVER McCALL** Chicago, IL *28-6*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 190 pounds

1. **NATE MILLER** Philadelphia, PA *28-4 (WBA Champ)*
2. **ADOLPHO WASHINGTON** Lexington, KY *26-3-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **MARCELO DOMINGUEZ** Argentina *20-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **FABRICE TIOZZO** France *34-1*
5. **ALEXANDER GUROV** Ukraine *18-1-1*
6. **KENNY KEENE** Emmett, ID *34-1*
7. **CARL THOMPSON** England *19-4*
8. **DAVID IZEQWIRE** Washington, D.C. *19-1*
9. **TORSTEN MAY** Germany *15-1*
10. **YOSUKEZAN NISHIJIMA** Japan *15-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **HENRY MASKE** Germany *30-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **VIRGIL HILL** Bismarck, ND *42-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **MONTELL GRIFFIN** Chicago, IL *24-0*
4. **JAMES TONEY** Ann Arbor, MI *53-2-2*
5. **DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI** Germany *31-0-1*
6. **MERQUI SOSA** New York, NY *27-5-2*
7. **MIKE McCALLUM** Brooklyn, NY *49-3-1*
8. **GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI** Germany *38-3-2*
9. **WILLIAM GUTHRIE** Philadelphia, PA *22-0*
10. **FRANK TATE** Houston, TX *36-4*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **ROY JONES** Pensacola, FL *33-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **FRANK LILES** N. Hollywood, CA *29-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **STEVE COLLINS** Ireland *33-3*
4. **VINNY PAZIENZA** Cranston, RI *41-6*
5. **NIGEL BENN** England *42-4-1*
6. **VINCENZO NARDIELLO** Italy *30-5 (WBC Champ)*
7. **HENRY WHARTON** England *24-2-1*
8. **MICHAEL NUNN** Davenport, IA *49-3*
9. **SUGARBOY MALINGA** South Africa *41-10*
10. **JOE CALZAGHE** Wales *19-0*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **BERNARD HOPKINS** Philadelphia, PA *30-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **KEITH HOLMES** Washington, D.C. *28-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **WILLIAM JOPPY** Washington, D.C. *22-0-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JOHN DAVID JACKSON** Seattle, WA *35-1*
5. **LONNIE BRADLEY** New York, NY *25-0*
6. **SHINJI TAKEHARA** Japan *24-1*
7. **JORGE CASTRO** Argentina *100-5-2*
8. **QUINCY TAYLOR** Dallas, TX *26-4*
9. **DANA ROSENBLATT** Malden, MA *28-1*
10. **OTIS GRANT** Canada *28-1*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA *44-6 (WBC/IBF Champ)*
2. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
   France *33-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina *56-3*
4. **WINKY WRIGHT**
   St. Petersburg, FL *35-1*
5. **CARL DANIELS**
   St. Louis, MO *36-2*
6. **BRONCO McKART**
   Monroe, MI *29-2*
7. **HECTOR CAMACHO**
   Orlando, FL *63-3*
8. **RAUL MARQUEZ**
   Houston, TX *23-0*
9. **EMMETT LINTON**
   Tacoma, WA *22-2*
10. **ANTHONY STEPHENS**
    Shreveport, LA *27-7-2*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA *39-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico *30-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana *33-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JOSE LUIS LOPEZ**
   Mexico *37-3-1*
5. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI *37-2*
6. **PATRICK CHARPENTIER**
   France *22-4*
7. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *22-2-1*
8. **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico *64-2*
9. **PATRICK COLEMAN**
   Chicago, IL *25-5*
10. **JOSE LUIS NAVARRO**
    Spain *22-1*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Whittier, CA *22-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia *18-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **FRANKIE RANDALL**
   Warren, OH *53-4-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Mexico *96-2-1*
5. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *41-0*
6. **CHARLES MURRAY**
   Rochester, NY *38-3*
7. **KHALID RAHILOU**
   France *28-2*
8. **FRED PENDLETON**
   Miami, FL *40-21-4*
9. **RAFAEL RUELAS**
   Studio City, CA *46-3*
10. **SOREN SONDERGAARD**
    Denmark *26-1*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **ORZUBEK NAZAROV**
   Japan *23-0 (WBA Champ)*
2. **STEVE JOHNSTON**
   Denver, CO *19-0*
3. **PHILLIP HOLIDAY**
   South Africa *28-0 (IBF Champ)*
4. **GEORGE SCOTT**
   Pembroke Pines, FL *29-1*
5. **JEAN-BAPTISTE MENDY**
   France *49-5-2 (WBC Champ)*
6. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA *19-0*
7. **LEAVANDER JOHNSON**
   Atlantic City, NJ *26-1-1*
8. **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
   Puerto Rico *39-4*
9. **ARTUR GRIGORJAN**
   Uzbekistan *19-0*
10. **IVAN ROBINSON**
    Delran, NJ *23-0*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **AZUMAH NELSON**
   Ghana *39-3-2 (WBC Champ)*
2. **ARTURO GATTI**
   Jersey City, NJ *24-1 (IBF Champ)*
3. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA *33-1-1*
4. **TRACY PATTERSON**
   Highland, NY *56-4-1*
5. **REGGIE TUUR**
   Whitestone, NY *42-3-1*
6. **YONG SOO CHOI**
   South Korea *20-2 (WBA Champ)*
7. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *43-3*
8. **ROBERT GARCIA**
   Oxnard, CA *25-0*
9. **ANATOLY ALEXANDROV**
   Kazakhstan *28-3*
10. **JESSE JAMES LEIJA**
    San Antonio, TX *30-3-2*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **TOM JOHNSON**
   Detroit, MI *44-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
   Philippines *39-7 (WBC Champ)*
3. **NASEEM HAMED**
   England *23-0*
4. **WILFREDO VAZQUEZ**
   Puerto Rico *48-7-3 (WBA Champ)*
5. **KEVIN KELLEY**
   Flushing, NY *45-1-2*
6. **EVER BELENO**
   Colombia *33-2*
7. **WELCOME NCITA**
   South Africa *39-2*
8. **JUAN MANUEL MARQUEZ**
   Mexico *16-1*
9. **MANUEL MEDINA**
   Mexico *52-8*
10. **DERRICK GAINER**
    Pensacola, FL *17-4*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico *43-0*
2. **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
   Mexico *53-7-3 (WBC Champ)*
3. **VUYANI BUNGU**
   South Africa *31-2 (IBF Champ)*
4. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Memphis, TN *30-2-1*
5. **ANTONIO CERMENO**
   Venezuela *24-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **JUNIOR JONES**
   Brooklyn, NY *41-2*
7. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico *23-0*
8. **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
   Laredo, TX *42-3-1*
9. **ENRIQUE SANCHEZ**
   Mexico *18-0*
10. **ANGEL CHACON**
    Puerto Rico *19-0*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH**
   Las Vegas, NV *20-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MBULELO BOTILE**
   South Africa *20-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **NANA KONADU**
   Ghana *36-2 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JORGE ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia *34-1*
5. **SIRIMONGKOL SINGMANASUK**
   Thailand *12-0 (Interim WBC Champ)*
6. **ANCEE GEDEON**
   Westminster, CA *14-8-1*
7. **VEERAPHOL SAHAPROM**
   Thailand *4-1*
8. **ROBBIE REGAN**
   Wales *17-2-3*
9. **PAULIE AYALA**
   Ft. Worth, TX *17-0*
10. **DAORUNG CHUWATANA**
    Thailand *57-5-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **HIROSHI KAWASHIMA**
   Japan *19-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Albuquerque, NM *36-0-2*
3. **DANNY ROMERO**
   Albuquerque, NM *28-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **YOKTHAI SITHOAR**
   Thailand *11-0 (WBA Champ)*
5. **GERRY PENALOSA**
   Philippines *34-1-1*
6. **HYUNG CHUL LEE**
   South Korea *19-6*
7. **ALIMI GOITIA**
   Venezuela *15-1*
8. **HAROLD GREY**
   Colombia *21-2*
9. **LUIS BOLANO**
   Colombia *23-0*
10. **POLO SAUCEDO**
    Houston, TX *12-2-1*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. *30-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Japan *23-0 (WBC Champ)*
3. **SAEN SOW PLOENCHIT**
   Thailand *26-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **ALBERTO JIMENEZ**
   Mexico *32-3-3*
5. **CHATCHAI ELITE-GYM**
   Thailand *24-1*
6. **CHOKCHAI 3-K BATTERY**
   Thailand *31-2*
7. **ALEJANDRO MONTIEL**
   Mexico *33-2*
8. **ARTHUR JOHNSON**
   East St. Louis, IL *13-3*
9. **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO**
   Blythe, CA *43-5-1*
10. **JESPER JENSEN**
    Denmark *18-0*

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **SAMAN SORJATURONG**
   Thailand *31-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ *41-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **KEIJI YAMAGUCHI**
   Japan *20-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **CARLOS MURILLO**
   Panama *31-3*
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico *46-5-4*
6. **JESUS CHONG**
   Mexico *29-7*
7. **BABY JAKE MATLALA**
   South Africa *44-10-2*
8. **HI YONG CHOI**
   South Korea *19-2*
9. **MANUEL JESUS HERRERA**
   Dominican Republic *16-4-1*
10. **PHITCHITNOI C. SIRIWAT**
    Thailand *16-1*

POUND-FOR-POUND

1. **ROY JONES**
   Super Middleweight
2. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Junior Welterweight
3. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
4. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Welterweight
5. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Junior Featherweight
6. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
   Strawweight
7. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Junior Welterweight
8. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Junior Middleweight
9. **MIKE TYSON**
   Heavyweight
10. **MARK JOHNSON**
    Flyweight

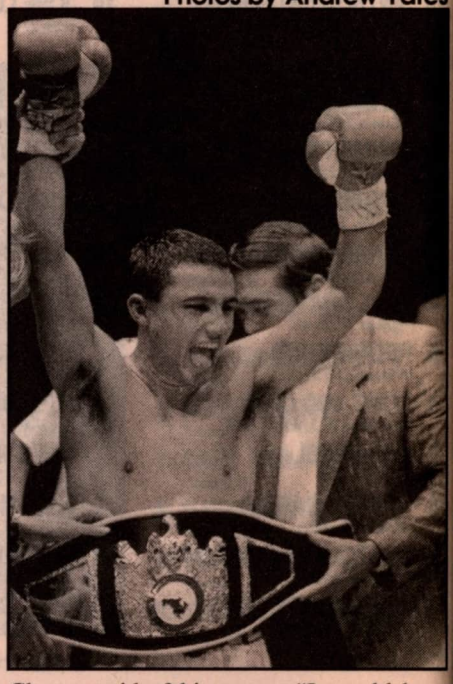
NEW FACES

JESUS CHAVEZ

Featherweight

By Peter Lim

Photos by Andrew Yates



At 16, Jesus "El Matador" Chavez was already a veteran of numerous Chicago Golden Gloves tournaments. He was 90-5 as an amateur and seemed set for a limitless ring future. But he was also a veteran of numerous Chicago streetfights, and after being busted for armed robbery, seemed doomed to a self-destructive life of crime.

Chavez spent the next five years in prison. "It was not a matter of being good or bad, just rich or poor," he said, describing his turbulent youth in the Windy City. "Growing up in that part of Chicago, you just had to deal with things like that. That was the reality and still is. Being in jail certainly made me see the rights from the wrongs."

Once he was released, Chavez decided to move far from the mean streets of Chicago. He landed at Richard Lord's gym in Austin, Texas, trying to salvage what he could of his boxing career. "It was the right thing to do," Chavez said of his move. "I would have ended up back in jail or ended up dead if I stayed in Chicago. I'm trying to do things the right way now."

He must be doing something right. It's been two years since his release, and after 17 fights as a pro, Chavez, 24, has captured the NABF and WBC Intercontinental-Americas featherweight titles. He wants to collect as many belts as he can before fighting for a world title. That way, nobody will be able to say he ducked tough opponents, got lucky, or was carefully maneuvered to the top.

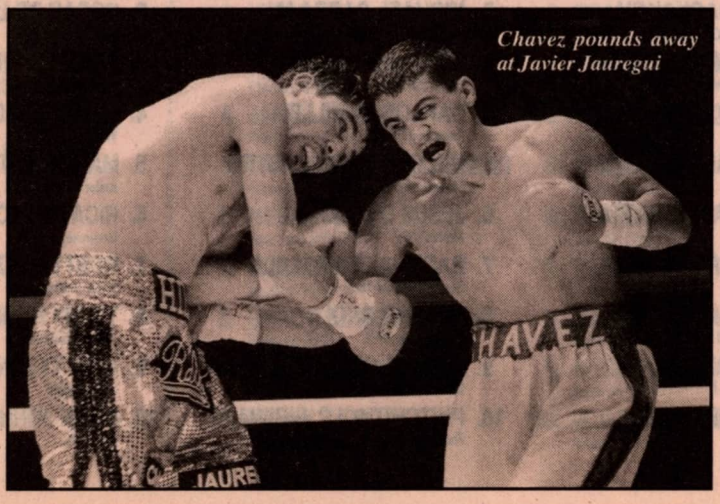
It has been an uphill climb so far, but Chavez wouldn't have it any other way. "I've always liked fighting tough opponents," he said. "It's a matter of credibility. To be the best you have to fight the best, no two ways about it. I've had maybe one or

(Continued on page 57)

PRO RECORD

1994		
Aug. 5	Lewis Wood, Houston	W 4
Aug. 19	Rudy Hernandez, San Antonio	W 4
Oct. 13	Jamie Cooper, Shreveport, LA	KO 4
Oct. 15	Cesar Martinez, San Antonio	KO 4
1995		
Jan. 7	Carlos Gerena, San Antonio	L 8
May 4	Tony Duran, Dallas	KO 3
June 20	Emanuel Burton, Brownsville, TX	KO 7
July 13	Manuel Mendez, Brownsville	KO 3
July 29	Arturo Rangel, San Antonio	KO 2
Aug. 25	Hector Vicencio, Austin, TX	KO 6
Sept. 21	Guadalupe Rodriguez, Brownsville	KO 6
Nov. 2	Gilbert Salinas, Austin	W 8
Dec. 6	Roberto Avila, Fort Worth	W 10
1996		
Feb. 22	Eldon Snead, Austin	KO 2
March 31	Cedric Mingo, Brownsville	W 12
May 17	Felipe Castillo, Austin	W 10
Aug. 9	Javier Jauregui, Austin	W 12

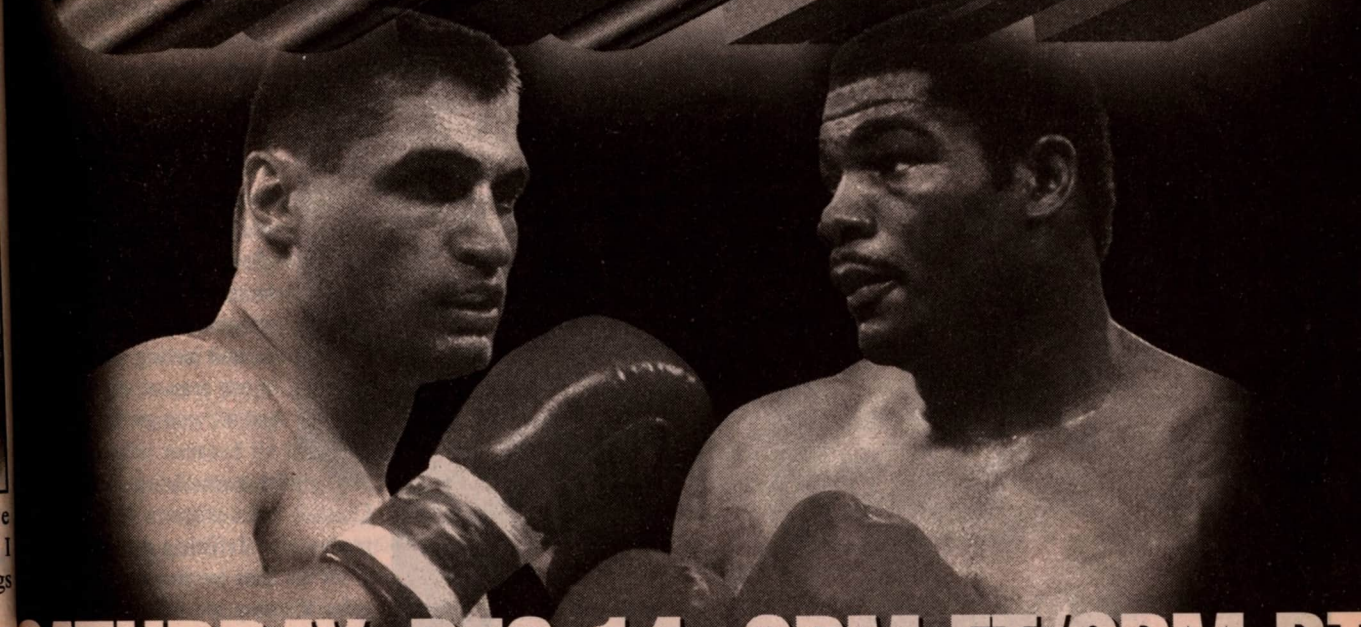
FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KOs
17	16	1	0	9



Chavez pounds away at Javier Jauregui

MAIN EVENTS AND THE CASINO ASSOCIATION OF NEW JERSEY PRESENT

BOWE VS GOLOTA 2



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RYAN OUT LOUD

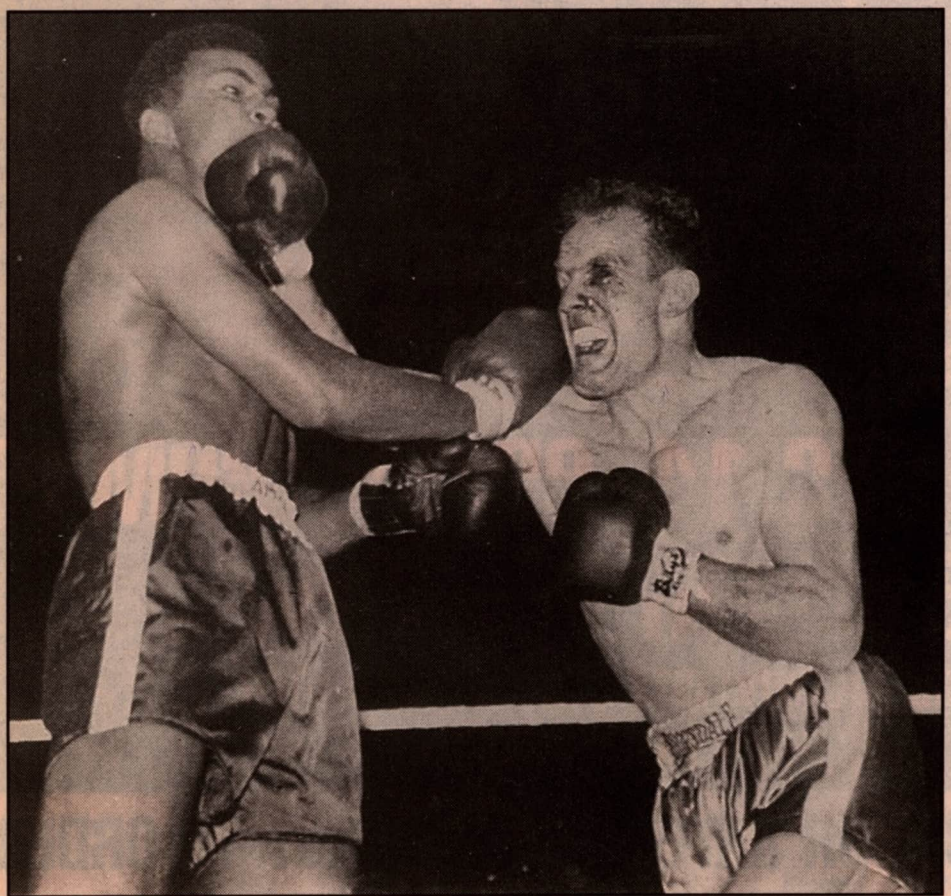
By Jeff Ryan

RAINING ON MY HIT PARADE

There had to be a catch. The Classic Sports Network, a lightning bolt that came out of the sky without warning a few months ago, struck my living room, and forever changed my television viewing experience for the better, couldn't have come free of charge. Nothing ever does. This exciting new spot on my dial may have been included as part of my basic cable package, but there just had to be a price to pay.

Indeed, there was. And a steep one, too.

The cost of watching all those captivating fights—getting to see the emergence of Cassius Clay, Act I of the George Foreman Story, the peak of Smokin' Joe Frazier, and so much other featured heavyweight action of the '60s and '70s—was something this viewer wouldn't have agreed to pay for had he been given a choice. But by the time I realized what I was handing over—not cash or plastic, but feelings and emotions that had been a cherished part of me for more than two decades—it was too late.



Columnist Ryan was surprised to learn how little Cassius Clay did in his first fight with Henry Cooper, whom he stopped on cuts in 1963. Now Ryan knows that Clay didn't dominate every opponent.

The passage of time has an interesting way of distorting reality. We remember backing down bigger kids during streetcorner confrontations, blasting tape-measure home runs in high school, and having the opposite sex melt in our arms at eighth-grade dances. And we can go on remembering it all because nobody comes along with something called The Classic Adolescence Network to replay our defining moments and show us that events didn't unfold quite the way we like to think they did.

How disheartening it is, therefore, to discover that the very thing that makes the Classic Sports Network a blessing—its allowing us to relive fights we've merely heard about or maybe seen just once—also makes it a curse. Those old films are myth-dispellers, and for those of us who cling as desperately to certain chapters of boxing folklore as Linus does to his security blanket, that's tough to take.

Now don't get me wrong. It's not as though a few months of film-watching has turned Muhammad Ali

into Greg Page in my mind, or Ken Norton into Ed Norton. It hasn't changed my opinion that Mike Tyson and the rest of today's big men couldn't beat a 26-year-old Cassius Clay, a 32-year-old Ali, Frazier, the original Foreman, or a prime Larry Holmes. And it hasn't altered my belief that everybody but the hardest hitters in the division would fall to Norton. What it has done, though, is brought some of my heroes back down to earth and dimmed a little of the twinkle in my starry eyes.

Watching from the perspective of an adult who has 13 years of experience covering the game, things now look so much different. And my eyes have been opened the widest while viewing the old Ali fights.

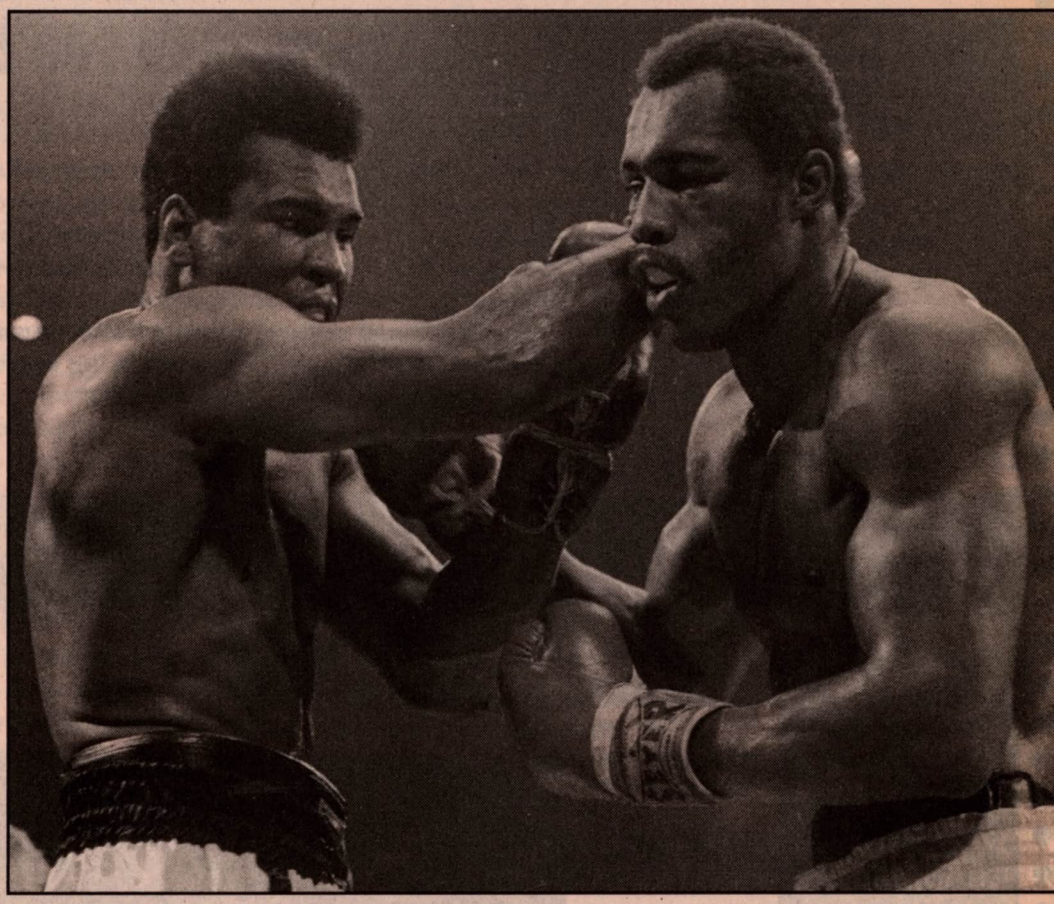
Maybe it's simply a case of my having read too much flowery writing or listened to too many panel discussions, but my impression had always been that Cassius Clay dominated everybody he fought. How surprising it was to see that he did virtually nothing in the first Henry Cooper fight until the Briton was badly cut. Or that in his win over Zora Folley, which we have long been told was one of Ali's finest performances, "The Greatest" passively danced through every round except two—the two in which he sent what I have come to learn was a shop-worn and oft-beaten Folley to the floor.

I had never known that Cooper was a trialhorse with eight losses on his record when he faced Ali. Nor did I remember the first Frazier bout being so one-sided in "Smokin' Joe's" favor. As dramatic as the storyline may have been, on a second viewing two decades after the original, the Ali-Norton trilogy reveals itself to be three of the dullest heavyweight bouts I've ever seen.

Ali-Foreman? Focus entirely on Ali, and you see tactical brilliance. Keep your eyes glued to Big George through all eight rounds, however, and you see a performance so inept, it's difficult to believe the guy could have knocked out the Knicks' Clyde Frazier, let alone Joe Frazier. Even "The Thrilla In Manila" appears to be one of those fights that gets better the more years you go without seeing it. It was indeed a classic war, but mostly because both fighters had declined so much, neither could get out of the way of the other's punches.

Unfortunately, my Classic Sports Network history lessons haven't been limited to boxing. Watching highlights of my favorite pro athlete of all-time, Broadway Joe Namath, and his 1968 world champion New York Jets, a few more balloons in my bundle burst. Some Namath passes I remembered as bombs were, it turns out, just wobbly 20-yarders. I learned that the running game played a bigger part in the success of that title team than the passing game did. And, remarkably, Namath went five straight games at one point during the season without throwing a touchdown pass. Say it ain't so, Joe.

Because boxers compete by themselves, their efforts have always seemed more heroic to me than those of the stars in team sports. Consequently, seeing boxing's heroes diminished in any way bothers me the most. Was Norton really that good, or did he just have a style that drove Ali nuts? Was Clay ahead by more than a round when the first Liston fight ended? Would Frazier have fallen in round two of the second Ali fight had referee Tony Perez not mistakenly concluded the stanza 30 seconds too early?



Today's fans fondly recall the Ali-Norton trilogy. But after a second glance on The Classic Sports Network, columnist Ryan describes the fights as "three of the dullest heavyweight bouts I've ever seen."

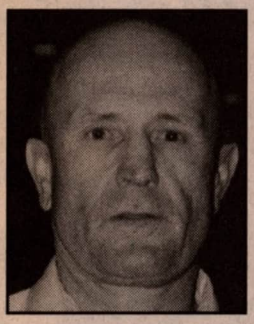
My rude reawakening at the hands of the Classic Sports Network leaves me with two lingering thoughts. First, how would Jack Dempsey and Jack Johnson be evaluated if more extensive film footage existed? Were they as remarkable as advertised, or have they, too, benefited from our inability to scrutinize them? Second, think of how uninspiring Riddick Bowe, Lennox Lewis, and Michael Moorer are now, and imagine how ordinary they'll look in 20 years, when their fights are replayed and their journalistic cheerleaders have long since moved on to champion other causes.

Bless you, Classic Sports Network, for those nights when we can tune in and see some of Clay's feats. And damn you for those other nights that, instead, reveal some feet of clay. ■

THE RING'S QUESTIONS OF THE MONTH

Compiled by Thad Moore

Q: ARE FIGHTS GENERALLY STOPPED TOO EARLY OR TOO LATE?



Mills Lane, referee: "Referees are great throughout the country. We take our jobs seriously. Referees that are smart stop fights at the right time. In general, fights are stopped appropriately.

"Referees need to be in as good a shape as the boxers. We need to be prepared to go 12 rounds, too. Referees who do their jobs are the ones who stay in shape by doing calisthenics and roadwork. You only have a quarter-second window to make a call. You have to be quick. And you can't be critical of your decision or second-guess the outcome.

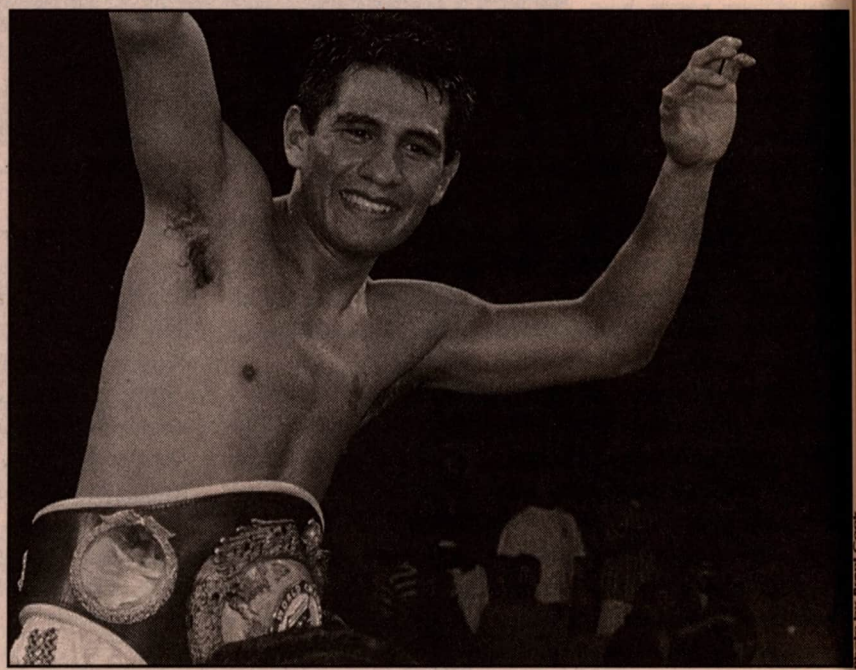
"Some fights are stopped too quickly, some are stopped too late. But for the most part, we get them right. We owe it to the fighters to give them every opportunity to win a fight. When we feel the fight needs to be stopped, we step in and stop it. As a referee, you can only do what you can do—and do the best that you can."

Q: CAN A MEXICAN CHAMPION LIKE MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA EVER BECOME A MAINSTREAM STAR?

Lou DiBella, HBO Sports vice president: "Barrera has shown the capabilities of becoming a star. An example is [Julio Cesar] Chavez. He has differentiated himself from Chavez by studying English. He is a student, which has been well-publicized, and is becoming bilingual. He appears to have an understanding and a working knowledge of English to become a mainstream star.

"Barrera's so fortunate to be at the level he's at and have so many good fights out there. There are plenty of good fights between 122 and 130 pounds. There is an unbelievable amount of talent. He could fight Junior Jones, Naseem Hamed, Kevin Kelley, Boom Boom Johnson, Wilfredo Vazquez. Vuyani Bungu would be a good fight, or Welcome Ncita.

"Aside from Roy Jones, Oscar De La Hoya, Felix Trinidad, and Pernell Whitaker, Barrera is the elite in terms of talent. He'll wind up fighting at 130, 135 pounds by the end of his career. And his attitude is, 'Get me the biggest fights you can get me.' Our plan is for him to fight Junior Jones next, with the winner to meet Kennedy McKinney. Right now I see Barrera and Hamed as a mismatch. But we would still make the fight if we could."



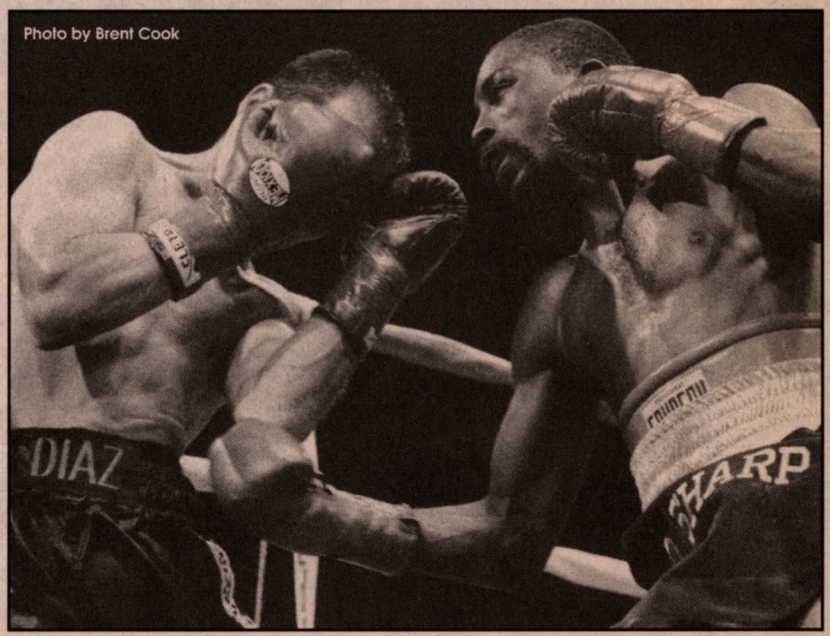
Few fans would argue that Marco Antonio Barrera has established himself as one of the best fighters in the world. But can the stoic Mexican become a mainstream star in the USA?

What do boxing's insiders think of the hot issues? Each month, we'll come up with four or five questions, then grill the experts. If there's a topic you'd like examined, send your question to The Ring, Questions Of The Month, P.O. Box 1148, Fort Washington, PA 19034

Q: JUST HOW GOOD IS IBF FLYWEIGHT CHAMPION MARK JOHNSON?

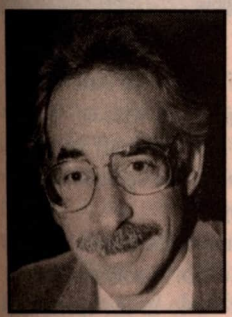
Johnny Tapia, junior bantamweight: "He's good. I have nothing against him. He's a good fighter. I would consider him to be a boxer. He is a complete boxer. I heard that he wants to fight me. They've said that Johnson, [Michael] Carbajal, and [Danny] Romero all want to fight me. They're not paying me enough to fight them.

"Personally, I'll fight anybody you put in front of me. I love to fight. I'm a warrior. If Johnson wants to fight me, I'll fight him. I would make him bang with me. I can box and counterpunch, too. I would cut the ring off against him. When I get in close, I would work both the body and head. When the crowd gets behind me, it gets me going. I'm always working hard. I would fight him, or anybody else who wants to fight."



Just how good is IBF flyweight champion Mark Johnson, shown pummeling Mauro Diaz? THE RING rates "Too Sharp" as the top 112-pounder and in the pound-for-pound top 10. Other experts point out that Johnson hasn't yet beaten a name opponent.

Q: WHAT, IF ANYTHING, CAN BOXING DO TO IMPROVE ITS IMAGE?



Marc Ratner, executive director of the Nevada State Athletic Commission: "I want wherever you fight in the world to have the same rules. The rules should be the same from state to state. The health and safety of the sport is what we want to take care of first. These are measures that we can control.

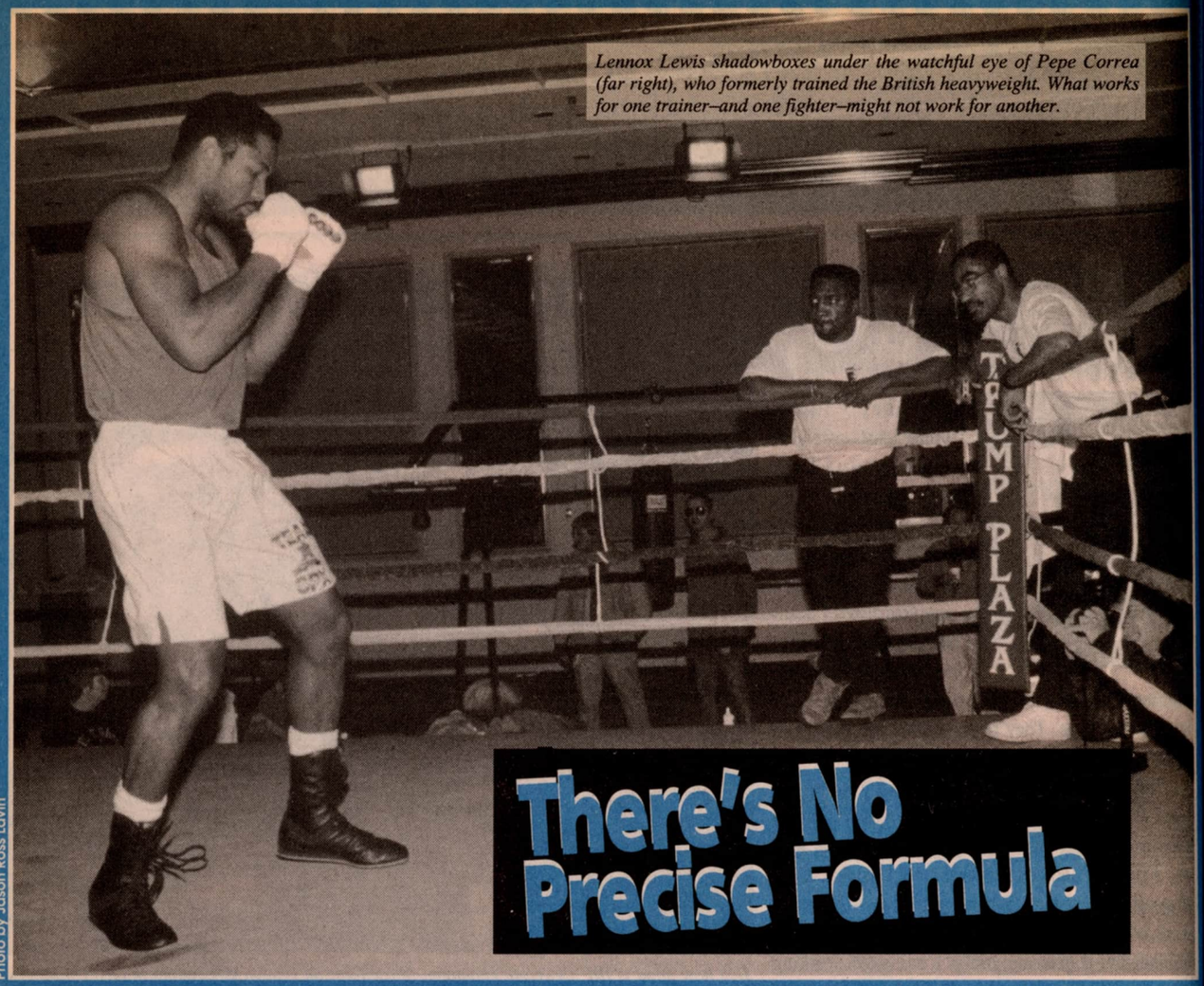
"I'm pushing hard for boxing to have a medical doctor at ringside for every fight. We also need to have an ambulance on call at all fights. Some fighters have no medical insurance. There needs to be medical insurance provided to the fighters. We are hoping to pass a safety bill including these measures that was passed by the Senate. We're hoping the bill still goes through.

"There are too many sanctioning bodies in boxing. We need to cut down on their proliferation. And there are too many divisions, though we know we'll never be able to go back to having one champion per division.

"Fans only see the top one percent of the fighters in the world. If there are 4,000 boxers, 3,500 of them will box for $100 a round. We need to make sure that if one of these fighters gets knocked out in one state, he cannot fight in another. We need to have the other states honor it. These rules need to be enforced.

"Promoters need to work with each other. There are major wars between the television networks. If a fighter is an HBO fighter, he won't fight a Showtime fighter. The fans want to see the best fighters fight.

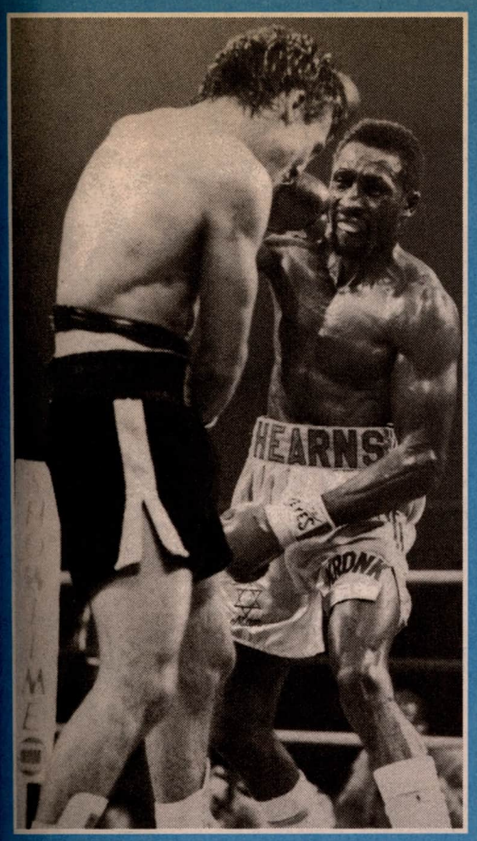
"De La Hoya-Chavez was a fight that everyone wanted to see, and it took place. Boxing is a fabulous sport, and every day I have to defend it. I feel like I always have to be in a defensive mode. Hopefully, we will be able to make the matches the public wants to see." ■



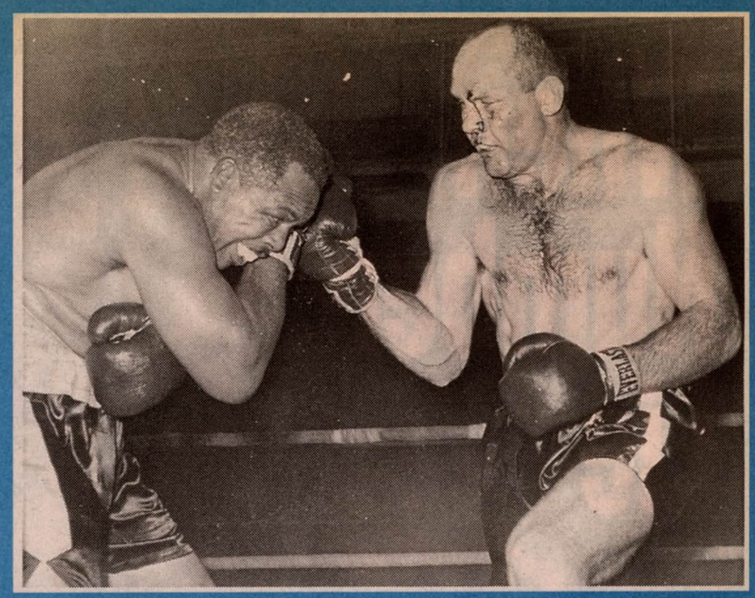
Lennox Lewis shadowboxes under the watchful eye of Pepe Correa (far right), who formerly trained the British heavyweight. What works for one trainer–and one fighter–might not work for another.

Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

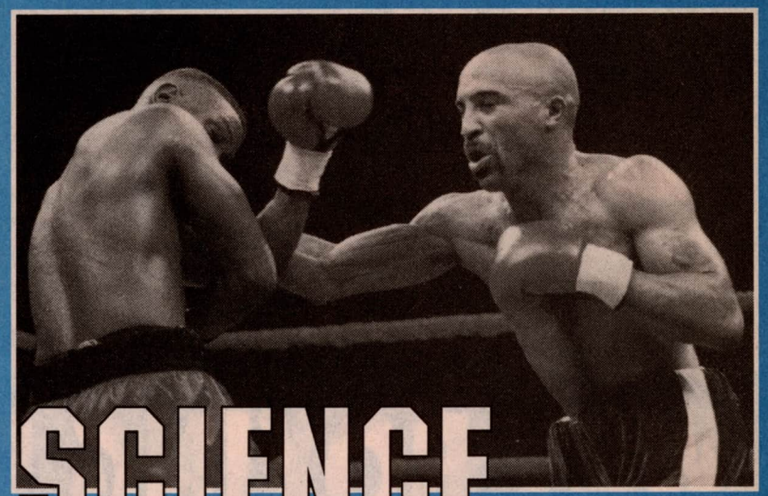
There's No Precise Formula



Thomas Hearns carries his left hand low and gets away with it—most of the time. Just where a fighter should position his left is debatable.



Archie Moore's cross-armed defense worked against Pete Rademacher, but the technique should come with a warning: Do not try this at home.



How do you fight a southpaw? Buddy McGirt's method against Pernell Whitaker: Close your eyes and lead with a right.

BOXING'S AN INEXACT (SWEET) SCIENCE

By Mark Jacobs

Many years ago, a young boxing fan, wanting to get more intimately acquainted with the Sweet Science, wandered into a local gym and began training. After minimal instruction in the basics, he was given the opportunity to step in the ring against another novice. As he and his partner finished pummeling each other with wild blows, the young man turned to his trainer, one of the most respected amateur coaches in New York, and asked what he could do in the future to avoid such punishment.

"Jab more," came the response.

"Okay, but what about defense?" he wondered.

"Jab more," was the answer, again.

"All right. But what to do if you're missing with the jab?"

"Jab more."

"Fine. But just how do you throw a damned jab, anyway?"

"Jab more."

Sometime later, the aspiring pugilist found it was safer to write than get hit by rights. As a boxing reporter, he eventually had the opportunity to sit down and discuss the fine points of the game with many of the world's leading experts. After several years of listening to the wisdom of these masters, he was left with only one question: Does anyone in the sport know what the hell he's doing?

Take, for example, the simple question of how to throw a jab. A common enough punch, the most basic in the sport. Any good trainer should be able to tell you exactly how to throw it.

"It's difficult to explain. You have to time your opponent's reactions and moves," said the late trainer Joey Fariello. "It's just difficult to explain."

Uh-oh. Maybe another view …

"It's the easiest punch to throw, but it's a lost art," says Mike Tyson's former mentor, Kevin Rooney. "Come straight out with all the snap on it you can. You don't lean into it, but you can step into it. You also don't have to rotate the shoulder."

Good. Now we're getting somewhere. Finally, some solid, definitive information on how to throw a jab, right? Wrong.

"When you jab, you want to lean your shoulder into the punch. Turn your shoulder to your face so it's like looking down the barrel of a gun, and take a small step with your front leg," says West Coast trainer Jesse Reid.

"You don't turn the shoulder. People say stuff like that just to sound smarter," counters Rooney.

Hold on. Here are two world-class trainers disagreeing on how to execute the most fundamental of blows. To use the shoulder or not to use the shoulder? Well, at least they agree that you should take a step into the jab. That's some useful information.

"Don't step in. You never do that against a good fighter or he'll see you coming. Just bend your left knee a bit," offers Rick Mandris, chief assistant to the legendary Angelo Dundee. Oh, well.

And how about that shoulder-turning thing, Rick? Do you turn the shoulder when you jab, or never turn the shoulder? "The shoulder should already be turned when you're ready to throw the punch." But, of course.

Maybe if we try something a bit simpler, we could get reliable information. How, for example, should a fighter hold his hands? Let's go straight to the source this time, Dundee, who trained Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard: "Keep your right hand alongside your jaw, the left is in front of your chin. Bringing

(Continued on page 59)

When Numbers Lie

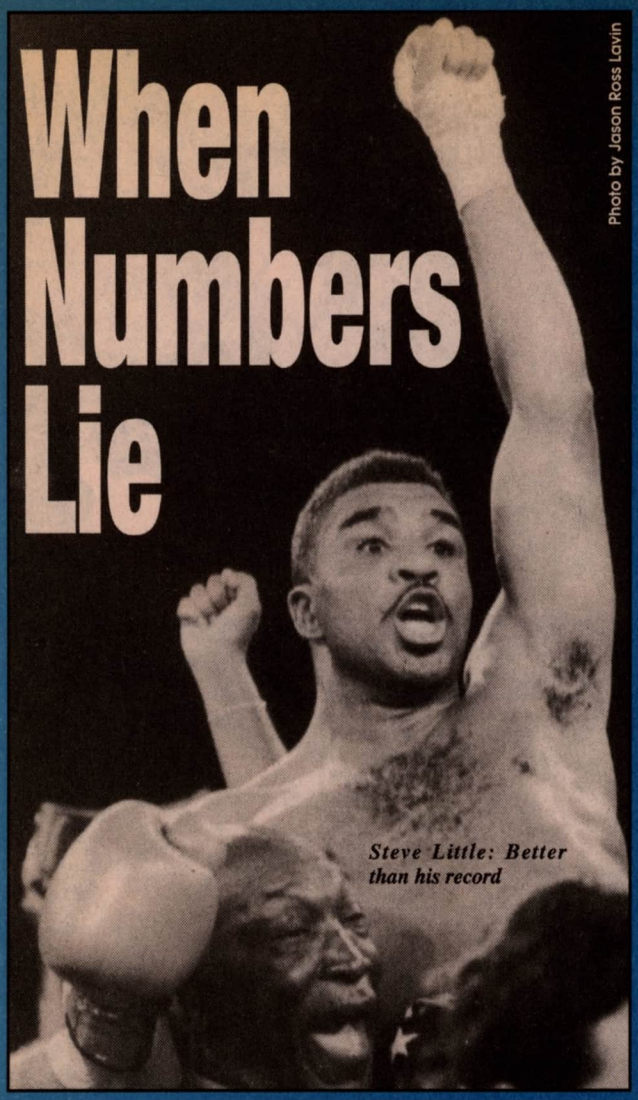


Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Steve Little: Better than his record

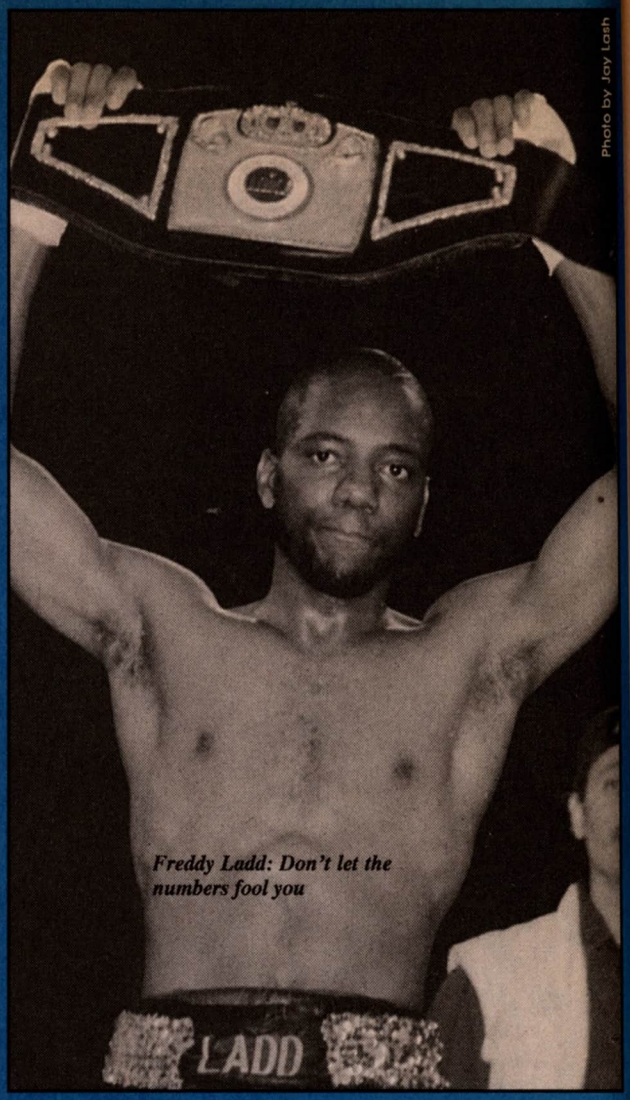


Photo by Jay Lash

Freddy Ladd: Don't let the numbers fool you

WHY BOXING RECORDS ARE MEANINGLESS

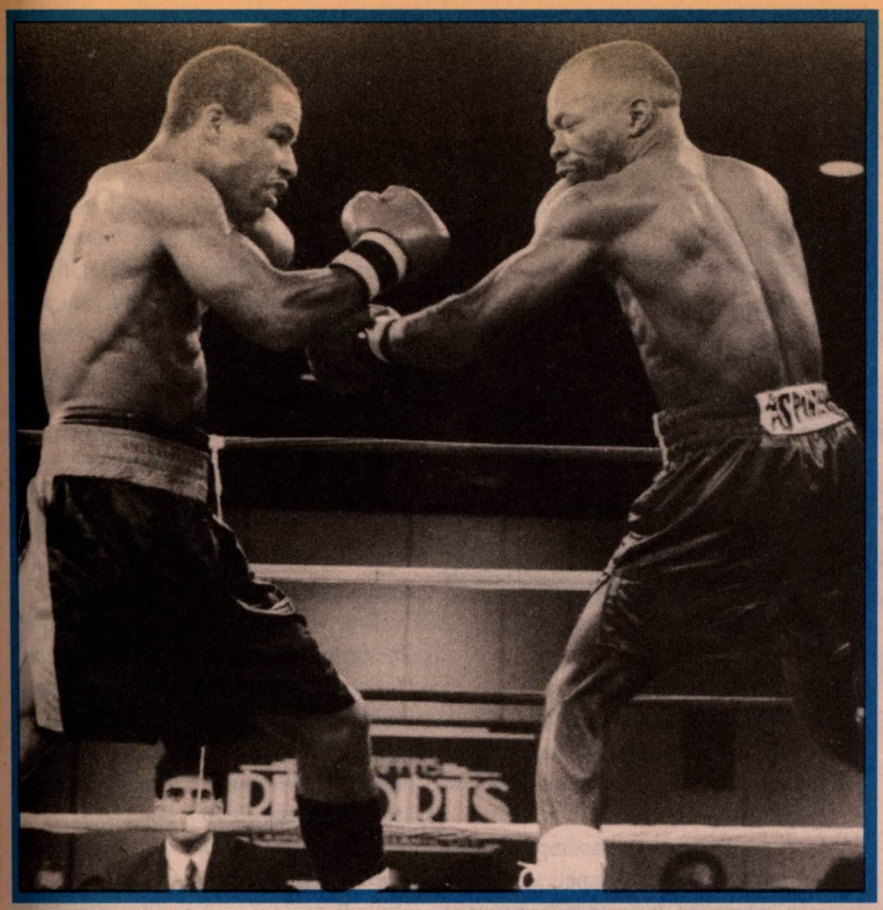
By Eric Bottjer

An important skill in boxing is lying. Fighters lie to each other during bouts. Boxer A may be dying inside from a punch or fatigue, but his face shows nothing, and as a result, Boxer B doesn't realize his advantage.

Fighters lie to trainers about their roadwork. Managers lie to fighters about purses. Matchmakers lie to managers about potential opponents.

But the biggest lies in boxing are records. Fistic history is studded with fighters with won-lost dockets that indicated lion, but in fact hid a lamb, or vice versa. One recent sheep in wolf's clothing was an Italian welterweight named Nino LaRocca. In the early-'80s, the flamboyant fighter built a record of 57-0. But when LaRocca challenged world champion Donald Curry in 1994, he was exposed as a fraud in six one-sided rounds.

The flip side is the boxer with multiple losses who has world-class skills. Perhaps the most famous in history is the heavyweight "Cinderella Man," Jimmy Braddock, who took his 22-loss record against an overconfident Max Baer and boxed his way to a huge upset victory.



Florida featherweight Darryl Pinckney (left) lost this bout to Tracy Patterson, but he's beaten the likes of Paul Gonzales and Junior Jones. Pinckney's power makes him a threat against even world-class fighters.

Today, the patron saint of all fighters with mediocre records is Freddie Pendleton. Then 14-13-1, Pendleton was barely passable as an opponent for Roger Mayweather in a 1986 ESPN-televised main event. Pendleton brutalized the former junior lightweight champion, scoring a sixth-round knockout and causing opponents everywhere to rise off the canvas and fight back. Pendleton went on to win a world title, giving fighters with .500 records championship hope. Managers who faced such "opponents" were wise to research beyond just the numbers of victories and defeats.

Here are five active fighters with opponent-type records who definitely deserve such research.

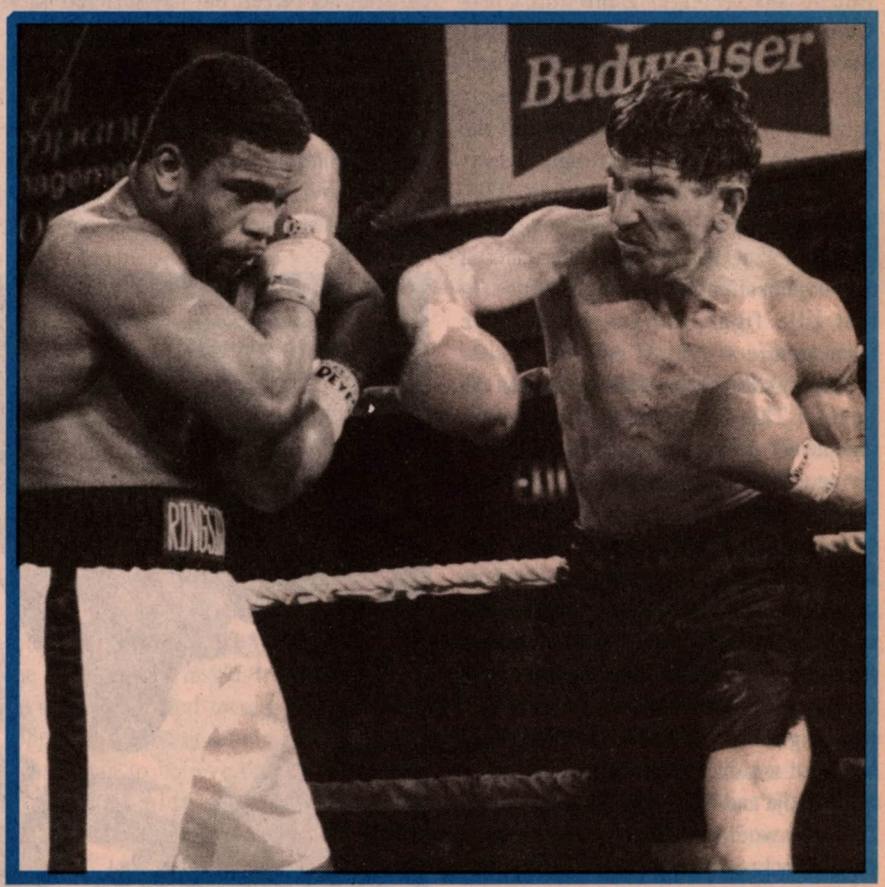
Steve Little (24-14-2 with 5 kayos): If you visited Little in locker rooms as he was fighting in clubshows throughout his native Pennsylvania, he was more likely to try and sell you a car than talk about his fights. The stocky middleweight had boxing skills, but with his nice-guy persona and powderpuff punch, nobody tabbed him a future contender, much less a world champion.

When he was 19-13-1, Little was served up to prospect Merqui Sosa as a knockout victim. Instead, the underdog boxed expertly and Sosa was lucky to escape with a draw.

Brimming with confidence, Little scored two more victories over opponent types before beating Michael Nunn for the WBA super middleweight title. Nunn was 42-1 at the time, Little 21-13-2.

Little lost the title to Frankie Liles, but his brief championship status mirrored Pendleton's success, and he's looking for another title shot. Now it's the used-car salesmen in Reading, Pennsylvania, talking about Steve Little, and not Little talking about Reading's used cars.

Lenzie Morgan (14-19-3 with 7 kayos): Tall, awkward, and with virtually no power and a great chin, Morgan was the perfect foil for contenders who needed rounds under their belt. But something strange happened with this Ohio beanpole.



Eric Holland's improbable hot streak included an August 1994 war with Jesse James Hughes. Holland, a .500 fighter who is far better than his record would suggest, won a 12-round decision.

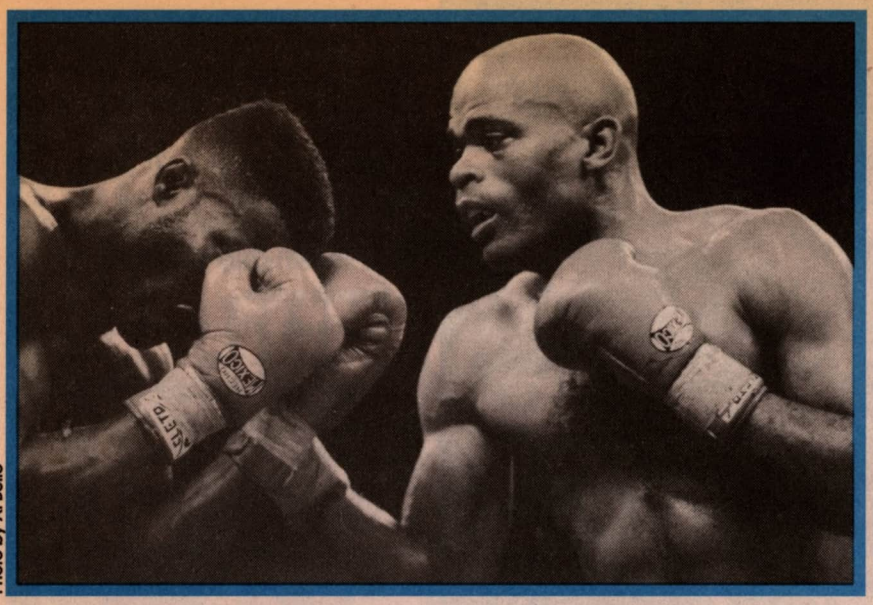


Photo by Al Bello

New York's Lennard Jackson, shown outpointing Earl Allen in 1993, was moved smartly by manager Dave Wolf. But when the middleweight failed to improve, Wolf released him.

Instead of being discouraged by his losses, Morgan trained harder and studied technique while watching other bouts.

The losses still mounted, but it took myopic judging to keep Morgan's record below .500. There were questionable decision losses to Nigel Benn and Chris Tiozzo, and out-and-out robberies vs. Jaffa Ballogou, Ravea Springs, and Tony Thornton. Morgan finally broke his losing streak with a seventh-round kayo of the WBA's number-one ranked light heavyweight contender, Jose Gomes, in 1995. The man with a losing record now had a top-30 ranking in the WBC and a shot at that organization's International title. (In that title fight, Morgan lost to Ole Klemetsen.)

Darryl Pinckney (22-21-2 with 15 kayos): This Florida featherweight has pulled off quite a run to raise himself above .500. A pro since 1985, Pinckney won only one of his first 10 fights. In his 11th bout, he stunned all, including himself, by knocking out Ed Pollard (11-2) in one round. The victory started a slow turnaround that has included an NABF junior featherweight title (a decision over Paul Gonzales), a shocking kayo of former bantamweight champion Junior Jones, and kayos of a pair of undefeated prospects, Louie Leija and Guty Espadas Jr.

Jones would have been wise to have noted Pinckney's only New York appearance, a 1993 loss to future junior featherweight champion Hector Acero-Sanchez. Then 26-1-1, Sanchez barely beat a 13-14-2 Pinckney, who might have been awarded the decision anywhere other than New York.

As Pinckney's record has improved, so has his chin. He was stopped six times early in his career, but has suffered only one knockout loss in the last seven years.

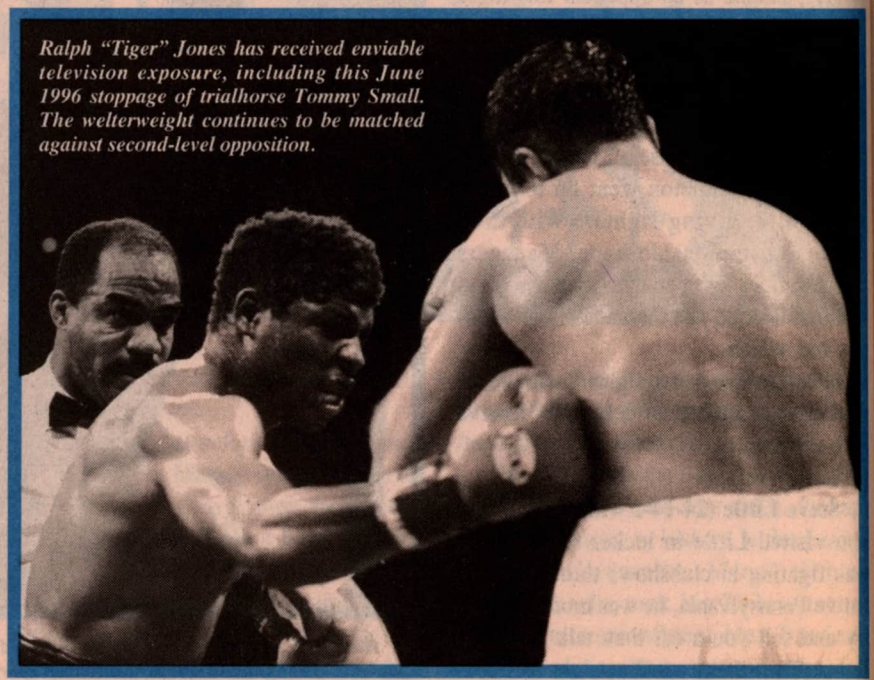
Victor Rabanales (42-14-2 with 24 kayos): This native of Chiapas, Mexico, toiled south of the border for eight years before venturing north for bigger paydays and tougher opposition. Less than two years after arriving in California, and with an unimposing record that included nine losses, the awkward, exceptionally strong Rabanales was a world champion. He made four successful defenses, and despite four losses in a five-fight period in 1993 and '94, he remains a top contender. Just ask Wayne McCullough how tough Rabanales is. In his breakthrough fight in '94, "The Pocket Rocket" barely outpointed the Mexican—and had to turn boxer to do so.

In contrast to superstars like Julio Cesar Chavez and Marco Antonio Barrera, who own perfect or near-perfect records as well as unmarked features, craggy veterans like Rabanales and Daniel Zaragoza give hope to Latin ham-n-eggers that steak and champagne is still within reach.

Eric Holland (17-17-3 with 3 kayos): The former working-class hero of the Blue Horizon, this squat, wide-swinging junior middleweight became a Philadelphia fan favorite after upsetting previously unbeaten William "Hammer" Jones in November 1992. Promoter Russell Peltz subsequently brought Holland back to the Blue for wins over Brian Barbosa, Scott Smith, and Oscar Ponce.

Peltz set a rematch with Jones for February '94, and Holland thrilled the capacity crowd with his first stoppage win as the Hammer fell in nine rounds.

As Holland's record crept toward .500, there was some talk of a title shot. But he backed out of a contracted fight in Philly,



Ralph "Tiger" Jones has received enviable television exposure, including this June 1996 stoppage of trialhorse Tommy Small. The welterweight continues to be matched against second-level opposition.

THE NOT-SO-GREAT WHITE HOPES

There has not been a legitimate white heavyweight champion since Rocky Marciano retired 41 years ago. As a result, white heavyweights continue to fascinate fans and sell tickets. Managers and promoters see dollar signs more than potential, and carefully constructed records hide china chins. These fighters fill a category all their own. Here are five modern-day White Hopes, in order of hopelessness.

Don Steele (30-0 with 30 kayos): Steele not only can't fight, he doesn't even look the part of a fighter. South Carolina manager Bobby Mitchell is to be commended for finding 30 guys for Steele to knock out. The only two names on his record, Mike Dixon and Nate Fitch, were suspended by the South Carolina commission for lack of effort.

Butterbean (22-1 with 18 kayos): Can't knock the Bean, who doesn't claim to be anything other than a four-round sideshow. The rotund oddity from an Alabama trailerpark is a fan favorite—and satisfied with being just that. Bean has scored a kayo over Louis Monaco, who was a kayo winner over our next chalky entry.

Peter McNeeley (41-3 with 34 kayos): His name, forever linked with Mike Tyson, lives in infamy, although he compares favorably to "legitimate" Tyson foes Frank Bruno and Bruce Seldon. Manager Vinny Vecchione mastered the art of building a record for a purpose. Credit McNeeley for sticking with his handler's unlikely plan through four thin years, or until the payoff came in the Tyson fight.

Frans Botha (36-0 with 21 kayos): His pudgy appearance and sloppy style don't endear him to U.S. fans, and neither does his cockiness. Botha has never beaten a heavyweight approaching world-class status. According to IBF ratings chairman Doug Beavers, he earned a number-one ranking through activity and attrition. (Notice he said nothing about talent.) When IBF champion Michael Moorer, who, as we went to press, was preparing to defend against Botha on November 9, was asked what the South African brings to their fight, he responded, "Nothing."

Photo by Teddy Blackburn

McNeeley: White Hope poster boy

Lou Savarese (32-0 with 27 kayos): Based on his amateur credentials, Savarese is at least two levels above the aforementioned quartet. The two-time New York Golden Gloves champion continues to try and overcome setbacks and crossroads-bout cancellations. At least he claims he wants to fight the best. Wary of the history of white heavyweights over the past 40 years, nobody seems excited, with the exception of his fans in Westchester County (New York). Still, Savarese is the only white heavyweight with any hope.

–EB

earning a year's suspension. Now living in Texas, Holland has had one fight in 1996, a loss. All that is left, it seems, is the thought of what might have been had he kept his Philly streak alive.

***

While the aforementioned fighters can blame poor training, timing, and management for their woes, the following five warriors encounter none of those obstacles. Their biggest roadblock is ability—or lack of it. While they can't be labeled bums, neither are they what their records suggest—can't-miss future world champions.

Lennard Jackson (14-1 with 11 kayos): Here's a sheep in Wolf's clothing. An imposing-looking middleweight with a fearsome physique and a jailhouse glare, Jackson was managed by New York's Dave Wolf. Wolf manages quality, not quantity, so many assumed right off that Jackson was the goods. But as Jackson struggled in six-round undercard bouts, Wolf was astute enough to realize his mistake. While Jackson was great copy outside the ring—he was well-spoken and made headlines by heroically saving lives during the World Trade Center bombing—he was ordinary inside. Ironically, even if Wolf had wanted to use Jackson as an opponent, nobody would have bit. Who was going to believe that an undefeated New York middleweight managed by Dave Wolf was cannon fodder?

Wolf let his charge go, even though Jackson was a glittering 13-0 at the time. Jackson, 1-1 post-Wolf (his loss was to .500 fighter Tim Dendy), is now managed by another normally astute judge of talent, Grant Elvis Phillips.

Vaughn Bean (25-0 with 19 kayos): Don't let the name fool you: You can call this heavyweight "Vicious Vaughn" only because he's been viciously—but not unjustifiably—attacked in the boxing media as a fraud. Rated fourth by the IBF, Bean has yet to fight anyone resembling even a fringe contender. Of his last 14 opponents, only two have had winning records.

The criticism doesn't bother Bean's promotional-management team of Butch Lewis and Michael Spinks. "No need to rush him, he's just a baby," says Spinks, who plans on staying the course at least one more year. While it's common practice

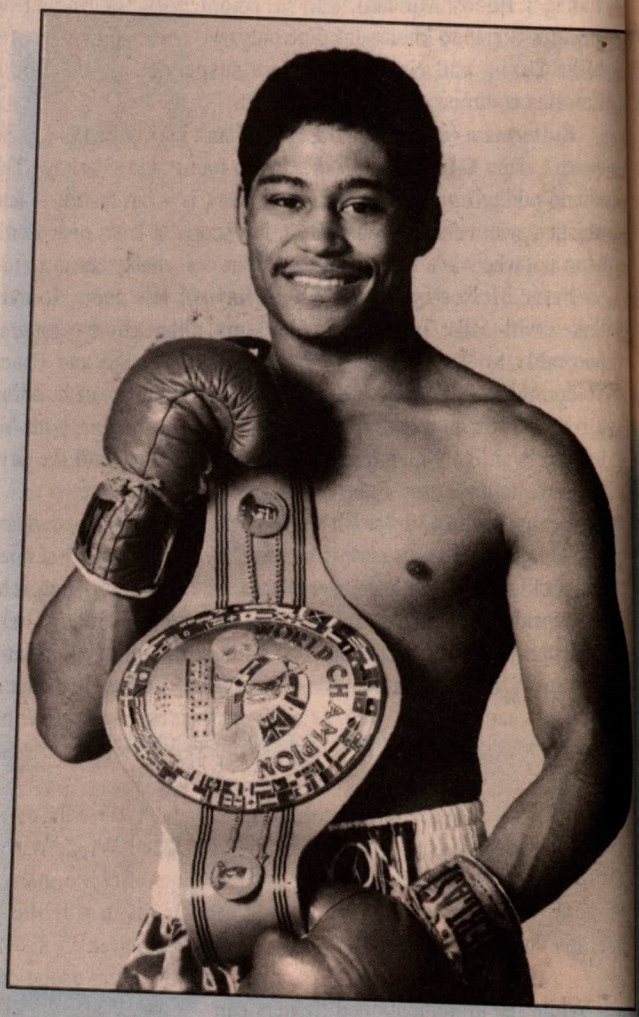
(Continued on page 60)

A DECADE TO REMEMBER

Juan LaPorte Relives The '80s

What was it like to fight the best? In this five-part feature, Robert Cassidy, a frequent contributor to THE RING, interviews one fighter from each of the last five decades.

This month: Juan LaPorte, a featherweight champion and junior lightweight contender in the '80s



Boxing enjoyed a resurgence in the '80s. There were great fighters and great fights, and network television brought many of those contests into the living rooms of mainstream America.

The decade was littered with stars, and a quartet of fighters, Sugar Ray Leonard, Marvelous Marvin Hagler, Thomas Hearns, and Roberto Duran, dominated the era. While the foursome battled one another in several classic showdowns, none of them consistently faced the quality of competition of featherweight Juan LaPorte.

Over the course of his career, LaPorte, who fought from featherweight to junior welterweight, faced 11 world champions, testing the biggest little men in boxing. Salvador Sanchez and Wilfredo Gomez are already in the Hall of Fame. Eusebio Pedroza, Julio Cesar Chavez, and Azumah Nelson are likely to follow. Barry McGuigan has an outside chance of being enshrined. And at this point, no one can be sure how good—or great—Kostya Tszyu might become.

"None of the guys that beat me ever wanted to fight me again," said LaPorte. "I never got a rematch in my career."

A multifaceted fighter, LaPorte was able to outbox opponents, outcounter them, or simply knock them out. Through it all, he remained standing. In 55 pro fights, he never went down, and was stopped only by Zack Padilla via TKO.

"He probably had the greatest chin in boxing, regardless of weight," LaPorte's former manager, Howie Albert, said of his fighter.

LaPorte was 15 when he began boxing at the Lunar Boxing Club in Brooklyn. His trainer was Carlos Espada. In 1976, he won the New York Golden Gloves, the Spanish Gloves, and the Silver Gloves. He turned pro a year later and captured the USBA featherweight title by knocking out Rocky Lockridge in 1981, the vacant WBC 126-pound crown by stopping previously unbeaten Mario Miranda in 1982, and the NABF super featherweight title by knocking out Nicky Perez in 1988.

LaPorte retired in 1994. His final record: 40-15 (22). (Seven of those losses came in his final 13 fights.) He is now working as a boxing trainer and a physical instructor.

•LaPorte challenged WBC featherweight champion **Salvador Sanchez** at the County Coliseum in El Paso, Texas, on December 13, 1980. LaPorte, 21, climbed through the ropes with a mark of 16-1. It was the 40th pro fight for Sanchez, who improved to 39-1 after winning a unanimous decision.

"The experience I gained from this fight helped me tremendously. I learned a lot fighting Sanchez. What I admired about him the most was his conditioning. He could fight all day. I learned how important it was to be in great shape. He was a great boxer. He moved well. He was smooth. He was a very good fighter. Fighting Sanchez helped me win the title. It gave me great experience. In fact, if we fought again, the next time around I felt I could have beaten him. But then that tragedy happened. (In 1982, Sanchez, 23, was killed in an auto accident.) When I won the title, I dedicated it to Sanchez and his family."

LaPorte was frustrated during his January 1982 points loss to WBA featherweight champion Eusebio Pedroza. A defensive master, Pedroza was hard to hit. Worse yet, when the Panamanian hit LaPorte, he often did so with low blows. LaPorte called him the dirtiest fighter he ever fought.

•LaPorte's fight against **Rocky Lockridge** was held at the Showboat in Las Vegas on August 22, 1981. It was for the USBA featherweight title. Lockridge was 20-1 (17), with his only loss having come in a WBA title fight against Eusebio Pedroza in 1980. LaPorte knocked out Lockridge in the second round. Lockridge would go on to win the WBA junior lightweight title in 1984.

In a March 1984 title fight that was billed as the civil war of Puerto Rico, Wilfredo Gomez decisioned LaPorte to win the WBC featherweight title. LaPorte said it was the worst fight of his life.

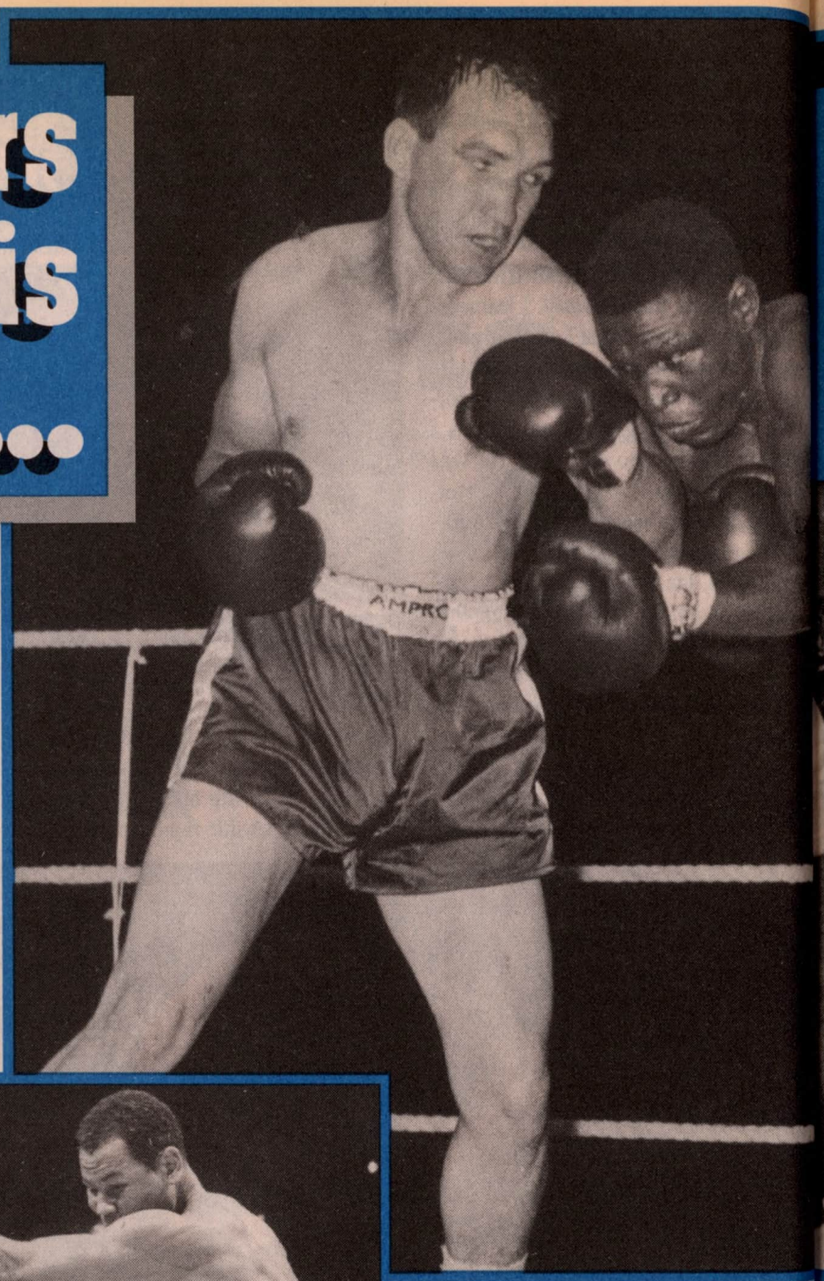
"Lockridge and I were the best two young featherweights. I heard a lot about him while we were both coming up. I wanted to be the best and he wanted to be the best. I trained so hard for that fight because the winner was going to get a shot at the title. We were destined to fight and we were destined to win world titles. I wanted to knock him out because people didn't think I could beat him.

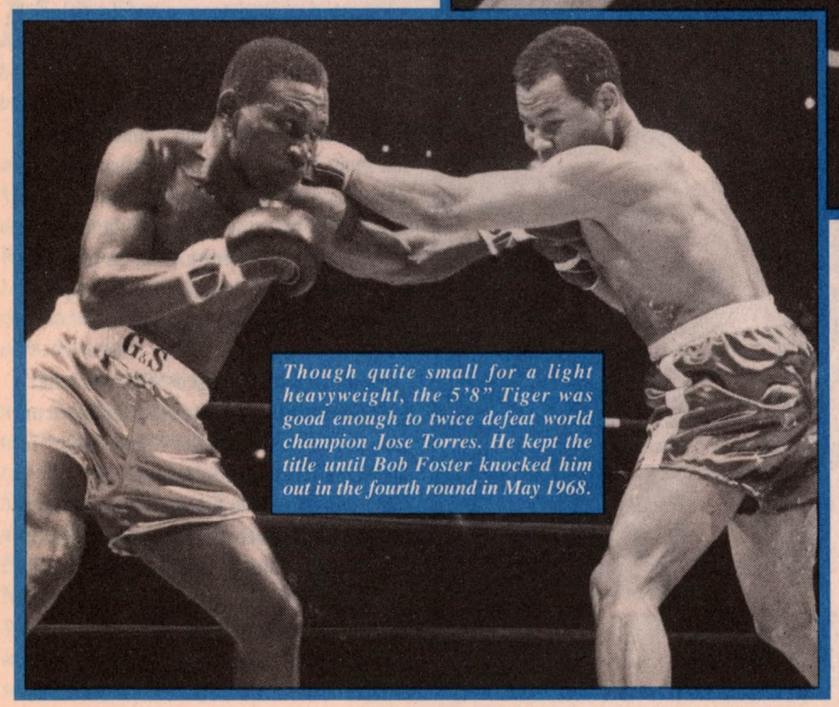
"We both threw a lot of punches in that fight. A lot of bombs. I didn't think he hit me that many times, but he did. I just watched the tape of the fight recently and we were throwing. It was a war. I finally hurt him to the body and he started to lean on me. That opened things up. That gave me the opportunity to land my right hand. And I did."

•LaPorte challenged WBA featherweight champion **Eusebio Pedroza** on January 24, 1982, at the Sands Hotel in Atlantic City. The contest was marred by Pedroza's excessive fouling. Upon reviewing the tape, Albert counted more than 50 fouls committed by the champion, including 35 low blows. It was Pedroza's 14th title defense. He would go on to make a division-record 19. The champion was

(Continued on page 61)

25 Years After His Death ....





Though quite small for a light heavyweight, the 5'8" Tiger was good enough to twice defeat world champion Jose Torres. He kept the title until Bob Foster knocked him out in the fourth round in May 1968.

By Adedamola Ifaturoti

December 14 marks the 25th anniversary of the death of Dick Tiger, the greatest African boxer of the modern era. In 1971, Tiger, 42, died in his native Nigeria. In the years since his passing, recollections of the rugged world middleweight and light heavyweight champion have dimmed. But not only should the memories be revived, they should be preserved and glorified. For Tiger was both a special fighter and a special man.

It is unfair to measure Tiger solely by his ring accomplishments, as plentiful as they were. Tiger's life was honorable and exemplary, his years a study in perseverance, selflessness, humility, quiet dignity and love for his fellow man.

Dick Tiger was born Richard Ihetu on August 14, 1929, in the rural South Eastern Nigerian village of Amaigbo, Orlu. The son of a rustic chicken farmer, he grew up a member of a large extended family—his Igbo kinsmen—in considerably humble conditions. His life in the 1930s and '40s, a time of nationalist struggle in his homeland, is largely undocumented. It is, however, on the record that he was influenced

DICK TIGER REMAINS A CHAMPION

One of Tiger's proudest moments came when he stopped arch-rival Gene Fullmer before 30,000 of his countrymen in Ibadan, Nigeria. The bout, held in August 1963, was in defense of Tiger's world middleweight title.

to take up boxing by colonial British army officers stationed in Nigeria in the early-'50s. He turned pro in 1952 after a mostly unrecorded amateur career.

Chief Ganiyu Kolawole Balogun, a renowned Nigerian sports enthusiast and

(Continued on page 62)

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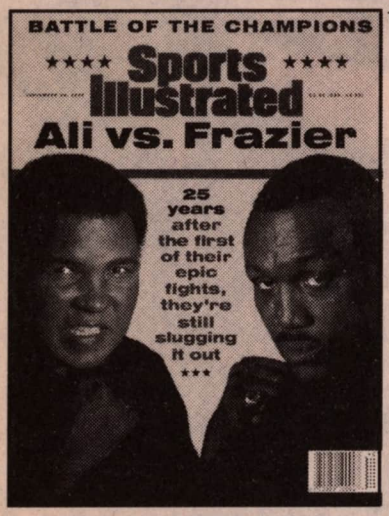

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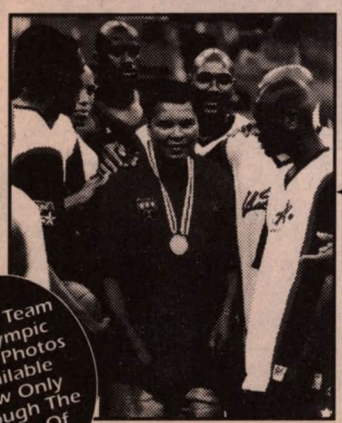

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DAVID REID: YESTERDAY, TODAY, & TOMORROW

At the home of Marie Reid, boxing is the central theme. From left: Marie Reid (David's mom), David Reid, and Donnel Reid, the fighter's brother.

Photos by Jason Ross Lavin

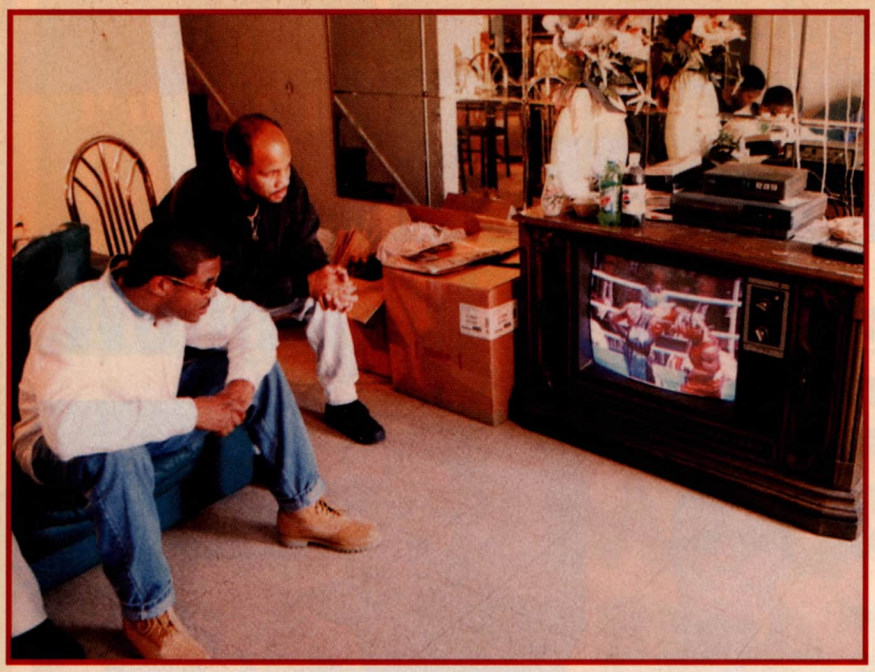
First in a series

By Nigel Collins

Only days after winning an Olympic gold medal by landing a miraculous knockout punch, David Reid visited the offices of THE RING. *Delighted to spend an afternoon with America's Hero, we took photos with our Philadelphia neighbor, inspected his gold medal, and began what we hope will become a lengthy relationship.*

Reid, we were sure, was a fighter we'd want to follow closely. With that in mind, this is the first in what will be frequent updates on the junior middleweight. Managing Editor Nigel Collins will file reports, sometimes monthly, sometimes every three months or so. In the issues to come, we hope to chart Reid's progress and offer our readers an intimate and unique look at not only a high-profile fighter's career, but his entire life.

David Reid sat on the edge of the couch in his mother's North Philadelphia row home and leaned forward, peering intently at the image on the television screen. Judging by his anxious body language and the intense look on his face, you'd think it was the first time he'd seen the videotape of his come-from-behind, one-punch knockout of Alfredo Duvergel. But nothing could be further



Reid and Marvin Garris watch—you guessed it—the Olympian's gold medal match vs. Cuba's Alfredo Duvergel. Reid has watched the tape again and again and ...

from the truth. Watching the replay of the fight that made him the only member of the United States' Olympic boxing team to win a gold medal at the Atlanta Games has become a daily ritual for the 22-year-old.

"First thing I do when I wake up every morning is watch the tape," said Reid, still riding the extraordinary emotional high that first swept over him when Duvergel fell face-first to the canvas.

And that's one of the best things about Reid. Despite the adulation and the reported $14.4-million professional contract he recently signed, he remains refreshingly unaffected, still boyishly excited about what's happened to him. As the tape played, he winced with every punch Duvergel landed. Of course, everybody in Marie Reid's living room knew the outcome, but that only added to the fun.

There was good-natured kidding as Reid ate leather the first two rounds, and cheers when he produced the punch of a lifetime in the third. As soon as the fight was over and his exuberant victory dance complete, Reid jumped from his seat, laughed, and rewound the tape so we could watch it again. When the knockout was shown in slow motion, he leaped to his feet once more and demonstrated how he threw the winning punch.

Reid's mother says her son has always been energetic, always happiest when he was busy, never the sort to "lay around and watch TV."

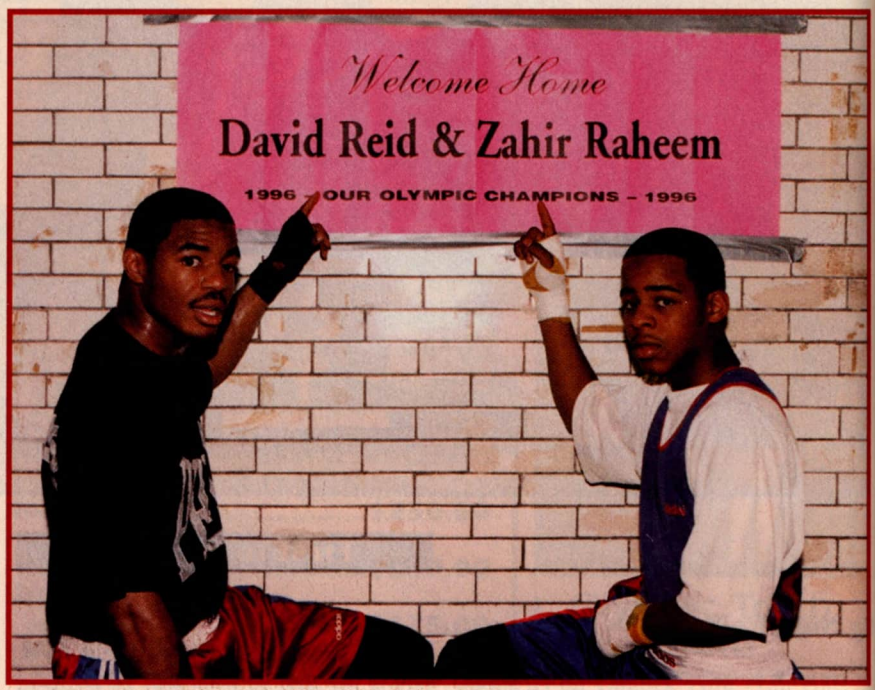
"I went to his first fight," recalled Marie Reid. "It was funny because him and the other little boy were trying to work these big gloves. It was cute, and he got a little yellow certificate saying that he won. I never thought it would turn out to be such a big deal, but when he began winning those big trophies and going to the banquets, people started telling me that he was real good."

These days, Reid is a Pied Piper in the neighborhood where he grew up, attracting well-wishers wherever he goes. People are genuinely happy for him, pleased that one of their own has made good. And why not? He's living proof that dreams can come true. When he poses for photographs on his mother's front steps, family, friends, and neighbors cluster around, eager to share in the spotlight. Reid tries to find time for everybody, but the strain of being pulled in a dozen different directions at the same time is starting to tell.

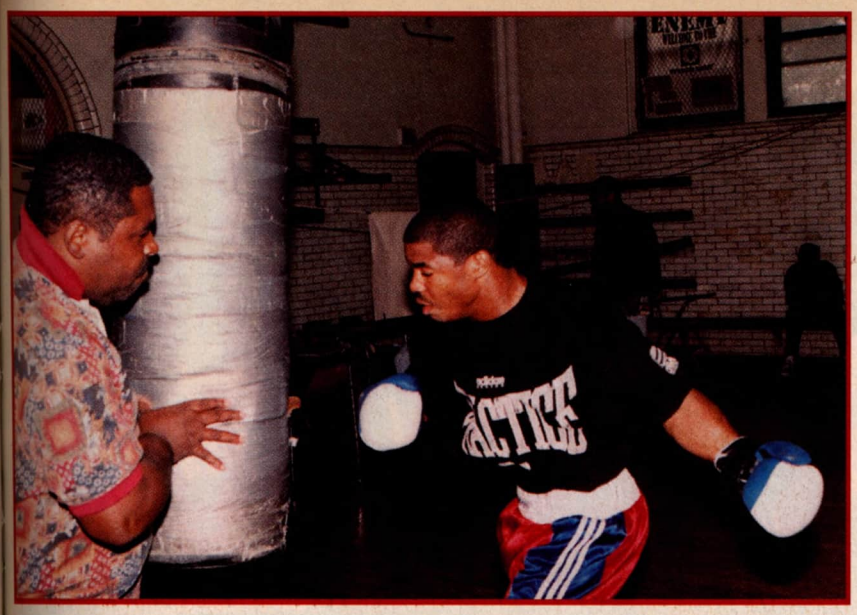
"It's so hard to be around here and stay focused," Reid explained. "Everybody thinks that when you make money, your problems stop. They just don't know; that's when your problems begin. It seems like every single person that I know wants to be part of the clique, wants to come up off of me. I have people saying to me, 'Dave, get me a job.' But I can't help everybody. If I do, I'll probably end up broke myself."

It's not just everyday folk who have their hands out. Reid has already encountered some of the con artists and leeches who try to attach themselves to young men who suddenly find themselves rich and famous.

"I've had a whole lot of guys come up to me and say they can handle my money

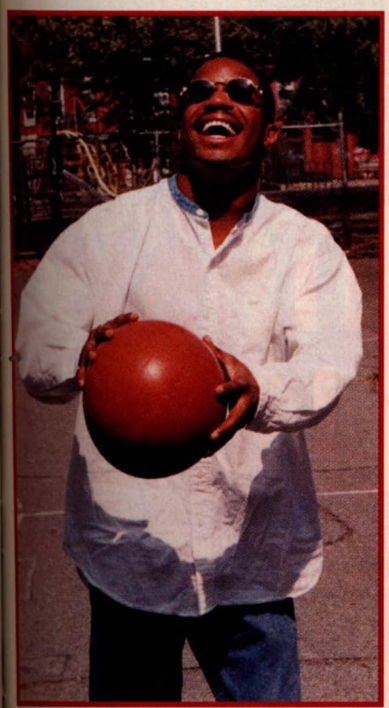


The stars of the 26th & Master Athletic Recreational Center in Philadelphia are Reid and Olympic teammate Zahir Raheem, who is also turning professional.



If this heavybag could talk, it would tell you that Reid is a puncher, and his gold medal-winning kayo of Cuba's Duvergel was no fluke. Overseeing the workout is trainer Fred Jenkins.

for me," said Reid. "And that's scary because they smile in my face, but behind closed doors they're thinking to themselves, *Damn, I can make money off him.* I had a lot of guys say they can handle public relations for me. A lot of people who weren't speaking to me, now they are all of a sudden speaking to me. If they can't get to me, they get to my mom. It's confusing because you don't know who are the crooked guys and who are the good guys."



What! Another Roy Jones? Since returning from the Olympics, Reid hasn't had much time to enjoy himself. A little neighborhood hoops is a lot more fun than negotiating professional contracts.

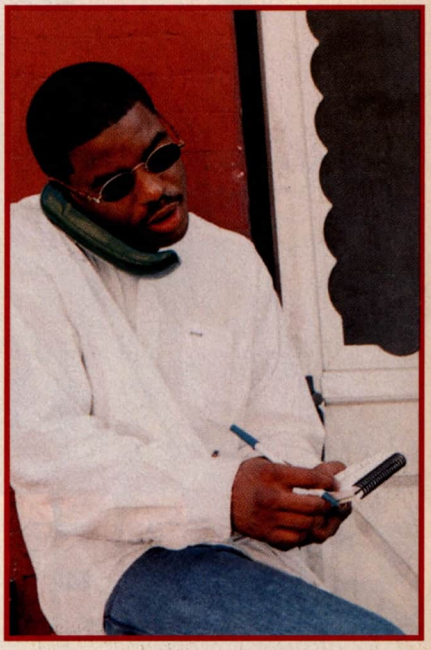
In order to escape the pressure created by his newfound celebrity status, Reid is looking for a house in suburban New Jersey, about 30 minutes drive from his old neighborhood. It's something he can afford to do, thanks to the generous bonus he received for signing with Mat Tinley, the manager of WBC bantamweight champion Wayne McCullough, and Dan Goossen, formerly of Ten Goose Boxing and Top Rank. However, Reid said that newspaper reports that his signing bonus was $1.5-million were inaccurate.

"I got a little bit less, but I'm happy with it," he said. "And I don't get the bonus in one lump sum. That way I get a tax break."

The bidding war for Reid's services was fierce, and it came as somewhat of a surprise when he decided to go with Tinley and Goossen, especially because it had been widely reported that veteran manager Stan Hoffman, working in conjunction with Top Rank, had the inside track.

"Stan Hoffman was real good to me," said Reid. "He took me to a couple of fights and took me to the gym. But I got tired of that. I wanted to get down to business. [Hoffman] said he was going to be family with me and that he wasn't going to cheat me. Even so, when you sign your name on the dotted line, especially being a gold medal winner, you want to be set for life. But once I got the contract [from Hoffman] and read it, [I saw] it wasn't right from the beginning. I got a couple of lawyers to look at it, and I got Al [Mitchell, the head coach of the U.S. Olympic boxing team and Reid's longtime mentor] to look at it, and it wasn't right at all. But Al had been working with Dan and Mat, and they're cool. And when I looked at their contract, it was real good."

Mitchell will continue to play a prominent role, serving in the capacity of both trainer and adviser. The 52-year-old Philadelphian has been in Reid's corner since the fighter first came to the gym at the 26th & Master Athletic Recreational Center as a 10-year-old boy who was eager to learn how to box. But boxing wasn't the only thing Mitchell taught him; he gave his young protege the guidance Reid needed to survive and prosper in a tough inner-city environment, lessons in character and self-discipline that helped shape Reid's personality and prepare him for his miraculous comeback at the Olympics. Not that there haven't been some problems along the way.



Whether by phone call or handshake, everyone wants a piece of America's Hero. Says Reid, "A lot of people who weren't speaking to me, now they are all of a sudden speaking to me. If they can't get to me, they get to my mom."

In June, while the U.S. Olympic boxing team was briefly vacationing in Orlando, Florida, Reid was arrested on charges of domestic violence after police were sum-

(Continued on page 54)

Willing And Still Able

Photos by Al Bello/Allsport

It came as no surprise when referee Frank Santore raised Whitaker's hand. Fighting flatfooted, "Sweet Pea" had outfought Wilfredo Rivera all the way and was rewarded with a unanimous 12-round decision.

CAN PERNELL WHITAKER TAME THE YOUNG LIONS?

By Ron Borges

Having barely concluded his most recent fight, Pernell Whitaker was already spoiling for another. With the clock ticking on the 32-year-old WBC welterweight champion, perhaps he was realizing he had no time left to lose.

Then again, in his mind, at least, Whitaker also had no fights to lose. What he has is fights to be fought, and fights to be won. Big fights for big money, which, when you get right down to it, is the aim of all professional boxers.

Less than 30 minutes after easily "avenging" a split decision win over Wilfredo Rivera by dominating him for 12 rounds in a WBC-mandated rematch at the James L. Knight Center in Miami, Whitaker sat taunting a reluctant rival, IBF welterweight champion Felix Trinidad. He was trying, without much luck, to goad the Puerto Rican into removing his fountain pen from his pocket and signing a contract to do what

(Continued on page 55)

Whether the switch-hitting Rivera fought orthodox or southpaw, Whitaker controlled the bout with his sterling right jab (above). And when the challenger punched back, the champion was usually out of range (top).

RIDDICK BOWE'S PROMISE

"This Time I'm Whipping Golota's Ass!"

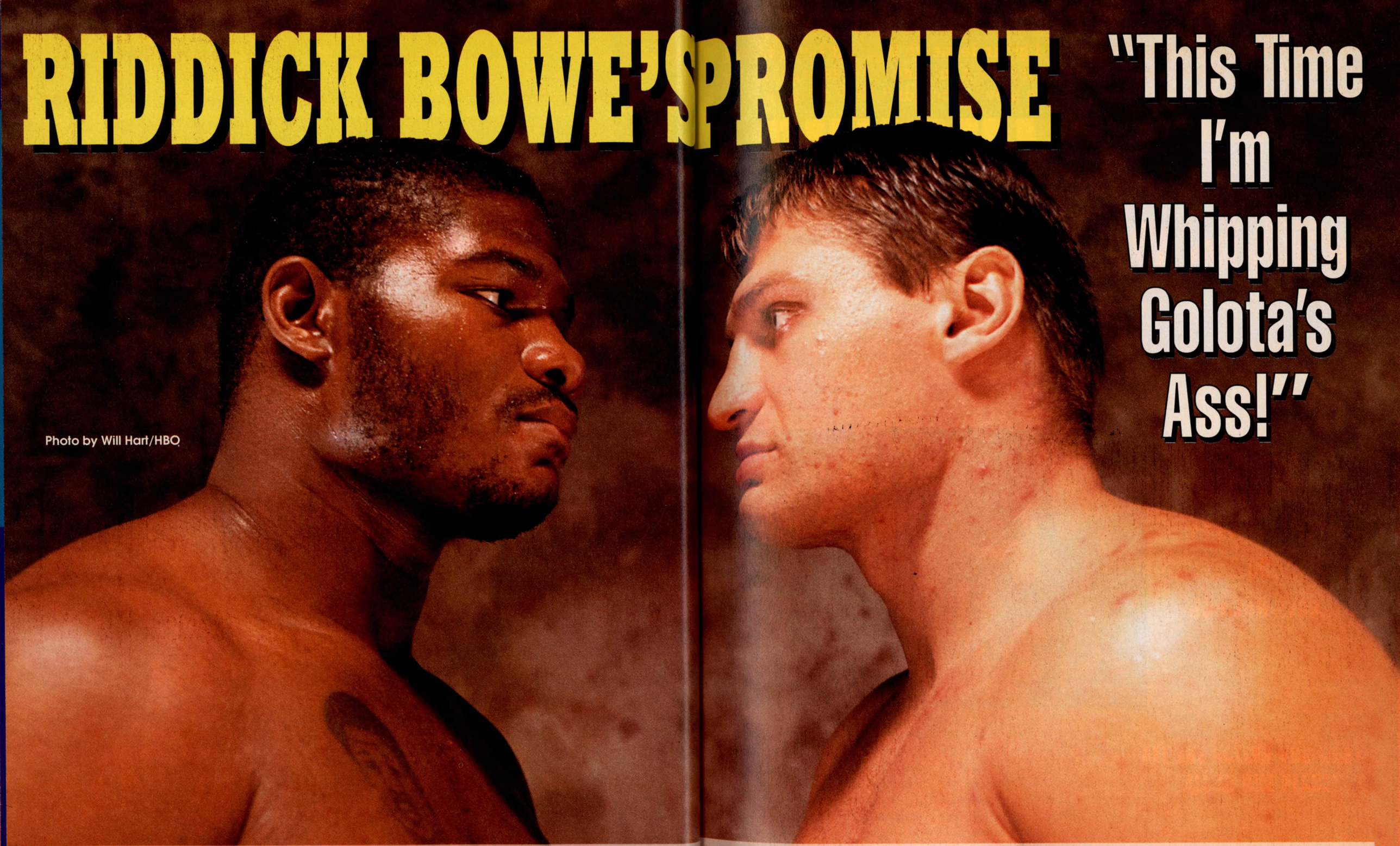


Photo by Will Hart/HBO

By Steve Farhood

In the days following Riddick Bowe's seventh-round disqualification victory over Andrew Golota, the media came to bury "Big Daddy," not to praise him. The shots came from everywhere, and if Bowe wore his protective cup from sunrise till bedtime, it wasn't because he was having Golota flashbacks, but rather because some of the criticism was straying low. Perhaps because so much is expected of Bowe, the boss scribes of the Sweet Science were particularly sour. Bowe was labeled fat and lazy. He had peaked, it was suggested, in the first Evander Holyfield fight. The "Riddickulous" tag was reapplied. The only thing Bowe had going for him was that his manager, Rock Newman, blamed for helping to instigate the mini-riot that followed the fight, was being depicted as Satan incarnate and had deflected some of the heat.

That, of course, was of no solace to the heavyweight. Despite being a former world champion and a high-profile fighter for almost 10 years, Bowe remains sensitive to criticism. Says longtime publicist Kelly Swanson, "Anything he reads and hears can hurt him, especially if he feels it's not fair." But Bowe quietly sponged the invective until a left hook landed with frightening force. It found the middle of his kisser and left him glassy-eyed and grabbing for the ropes.

"My family's been tough on me about Golota," Bowe explained to THE RING. "I was sitting with my mother at home, and she said, 'You know what? That Golota boy was kicking your butt.' That bothered me for a long time. Your mother's always gonna tell you the truth."

"The cup will protect you, but try and go underneath it and it's a different story. If you hit me in the family jewels, you can cancel Christmas. If the referee didn't stop it [after the final low blow], I couldn't have gone on."

In his first go with Golota, Bowe was slow and ponderous (above). His punches came one at a time because he believed each one would knock Golota into orbit. The fight ended when Golota landed one low blow too many, prompting referee Wayne Kelly to disqualify him (below).

And now, with a rematch set for Atlantic City on December 14, the truth is this simple: Bowe has to kick Golota's ass—or else. From his perspective, there is no alternative. If Golota wins, or even if Bowe wins unimpressively, Big Daddy will be dismissed, and then forgotten. The talk will be Tyson-Golota and Tyson-Tua and Tyson-Lewis and Tyson-Anybody Else But That Good-For-Nothing Bowe. Tyson-Bowe? Maybe it sounded good once, but that was a long time ago.

Our talk with Bowe in early-October was revealing, partly because of what the heavyweight said, and partly because of where he said it from. It was 10 weeks before the fight, and Big Daddy was already preparing in Atlantic City, running three miles a day and working in the gym. No entourage. No family. No distractions.

"I've never before trained for more than eight weeks," he said. "This time I'm training 12. This time the only way he can beat me is if he's willing to die for it. I don't think he wants it more than me."

The first time around, Bowe acknowledges that he didn't "respect" Golota. That was evident both in his waistline—he scaled a career-high 252—and his performance. This time, he promises, he won't be undertrained. But as we went to press, just who was going to train him remained a question. The legendary Eddie Futch had split with Bowe, citing "irreconcilable differences." Translation: He was fed up with what he perceived to be Bowe's indifferent attitude.

"I hope we can reconcile because I love 'Papa Smurf,'" Bowe told the New York *Daily News*. "He's like a grandfather to me. My whole game plan from Jump Street was he started with me, and I wanted to finish with him."

Speaking with THE RING a few weeks before his resignation, Futch, 85, said of the Golota rematch, "Riddick will be in better condition. He has to get fired up for things." Who knows, maybe losing Futch will serve to pump up Bowe as never before. But when he spoke with us, it didn't sound like he needed further motivation.

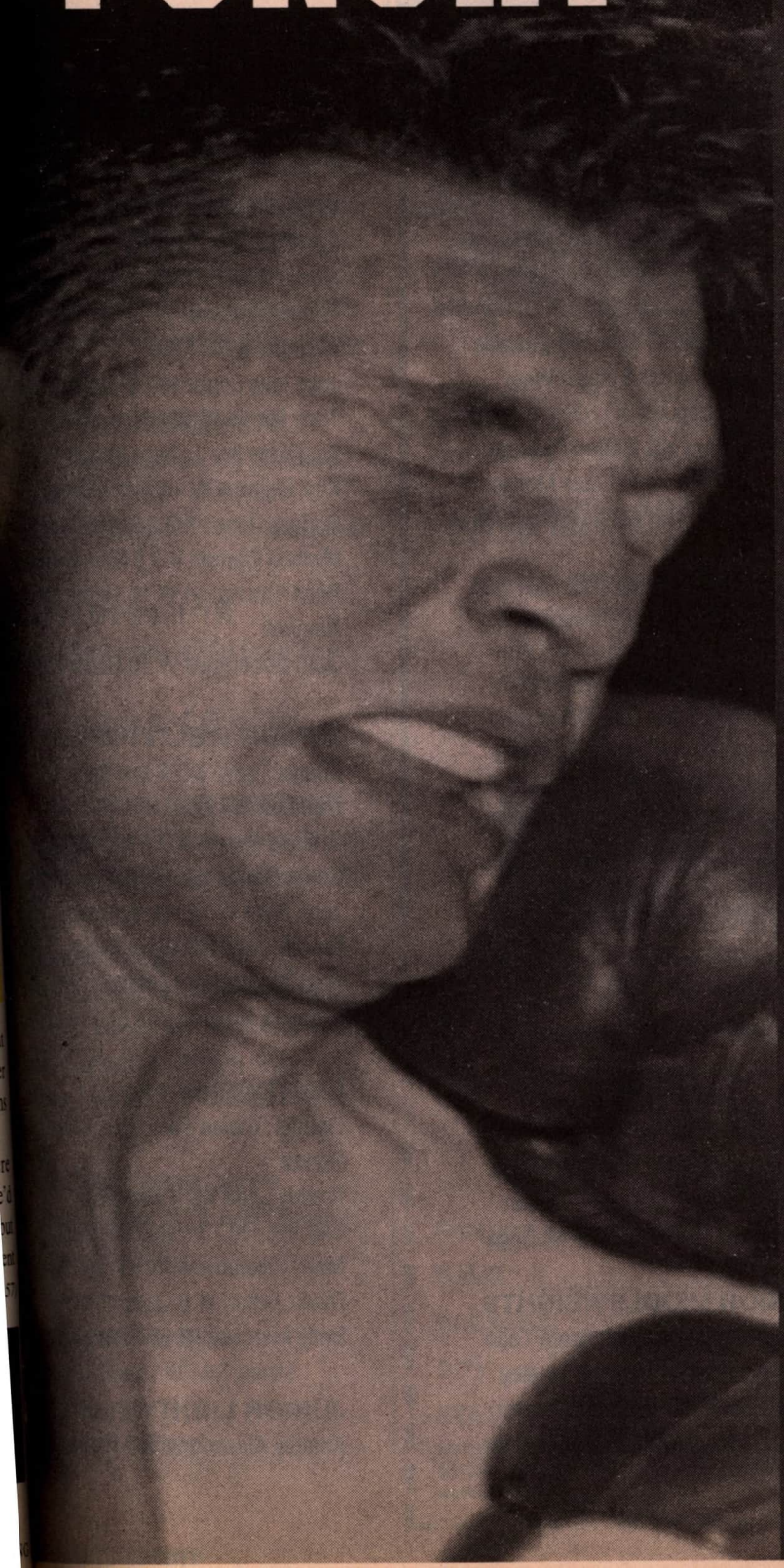
"I was embarrassed, I was humiliated," Bowe said of the first Golota fight. "I thought he was just big and strong, but slow. But his hands were much quicker than I thought, and I didn't know his arms were longer than mine.

"No question, the low blows were intentional. Every time I got stronger, he'd do it again. The cup will protect you, but try and go underneath it and it's a different

(Continued on page 57)

"He has awakened me. This time, I'm giving myself the best opportunity. This time, I'm whipping Golota's ass. I'm gonna look so good, Howard Cosell's gonna make a comeback."

TRY SOME PUNCH!



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SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
David Tua KO 1 Darroll Wilson
Corrie Sanders KO 2 Olian Alexander
Brian Nielsen KO 2 Wimpy Halstead
Obed Sullivan KO 6 Will Hinton
Obed Sullivan KO 2 Arthur Weathers
Jesse Ferguson W 10 Bobby Harris
Courage Tshabalala KO 1 Nick Kendrick
Julius Francis KO 5 James Oyebola
Oleg Maskaev KO 3 Ralph West
Adilson Rodrigues KO 5 Salvador Maciel
Everton Davis KO 3 Greg Pickrom
Trevor Berbick W 10 Louis Monaco
Alonzo Highsmith KO 1 George Clarke

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Robert Daniels W 10 Terry Ray

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Montell Griffin KO 2 Melvin Wynn
Rocky Gannon KO 7 Undra White

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Roy Jones KO 2 Bryant Brannon
(Retains IBF Title)
Roberto Duran KO 6 Mike Culbert
Charles Brewer W 8 Fermin Chirino
Troy Watson W 12 Billy Lewis
Zafarou Ballogou KO 2 Arthur Willis

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Silvio Branco W 12 Thomas Tate
Raymond Joval KO 1 Joszef Nagy
Glen Johnson KO 5 Jeff Johnson
Darrell Woods W 12 Keith Mullings

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Hector Camacho KO 6 Heath Todd
Troy Waters W 10 Lonny Beasley
Todd Foster KO 1 Jeff McWhorter
Faouzi Hattab KO 9 Ahmet Dottuev
Engels Pedroza KO 7 Luis Vasquez
Jason Papillion KO 3 Lester Yarbrough
Ensley Bingham KO 2 Anthony Ivory

WELTERWEIGHTS
Ike Quartey W 12 Oba Carr
(Retains WBA Title)
Pernell Whitaker W 12 Wilfredo Rivera
(Retains WBC Title)
Jose Luis Lopez KO 5 Yori Boy Campas
Tony Martin W 12 Skipper Kelp
Kip Diggs KO 1 Curtis Peoples
Ken Sigurani W 10 Alex Quiroga
Rodney Jones KO 3 Edwin Rodriguez
Michael Carruth KO 3 Mark Brannon
Ross Thompson W 10 Marco Antonio Ramirez
Juan Soberanes W 10 Roger Mayweather

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Kostya Tszyu KO 6 Jan Bergman
(Retains IBF Title)
Charles Murray KO 5 Benji Singleton
Soren Sondergaard KO 3 Tommy Eaglin
John Avila W 12 Hector Quiroz
Freddy Ladd KO 6 Tim Bonds
Paul Thaxton W 12 Bernard Paul
Diobelys Hurtado W 8 Ed Pollard

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Gabriel Ruelas Tech. Dec. 8 Angelo Nunez
Freddy Ladd KO 1 Ricky Wall
Billy Irwin KO 3 Pablo Sarmiento
Marty Jakubowski W 8 Walter Cowans Jr.
David Tetteh W 8 Oscar Palomino
Benji Marquez W 12 Roberto Cobos

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Anatoly Alexandrov KO 10 Pedro Ferradas

Chico Castillo KO 9 James Crayton
November Ntshingila W 10 Julian Wheeler
Jimmi Bredahl W 8 Bruno Rabanales
Saul Duran KO 7 Ramon Morales

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Derrick Gainer KO 2 Patrick Simeon
David Santos KO 1 Alex Sanabria
Louie Espinoza KO 8 Jorge Palomares
Steve Robinson W 8 Kelton McKenzie
Victor Llerena W 10 Jose Sanabria
Carlos Rios KO 3 Isidro Tejedor
Guty Espadas Jr. W 10 Rodrigo Cerda
Julio Sanchez-Leon KO 2 Jaime Abrica

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Marco Antonio Barrera KO 10 Jesse Magana
Kennedy McKinney W 10 Nestor Lopez

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Jorge Eliecer Julio KO 10 Cuauhtemoc Gomez
Gerry Penalosa KO 3 Chul Choi

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Isaias Zamudio KO 5 Jose Luis Velarde
Satoshi Iida KO 4 Payanok Sasiprapha

FLYWEIGHTS
Alberto Jimenez D 12 Carlos Salazar
Alejandro Montiel KO 4 Esteban Ayala
Jesper Jensen W 12 Keith Knox
Fahlan Sakkreerin W 12 Javier Juarez

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Michael Carbajal KO 8 Julio Coronell
(Retains IBF Title)

STRAWWEIGHTS
Rosendo Alvarez KO 8 Takashi Shiohama
(Retains WBA Title)

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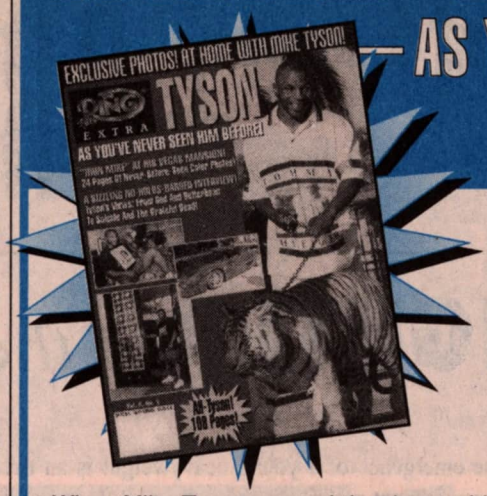

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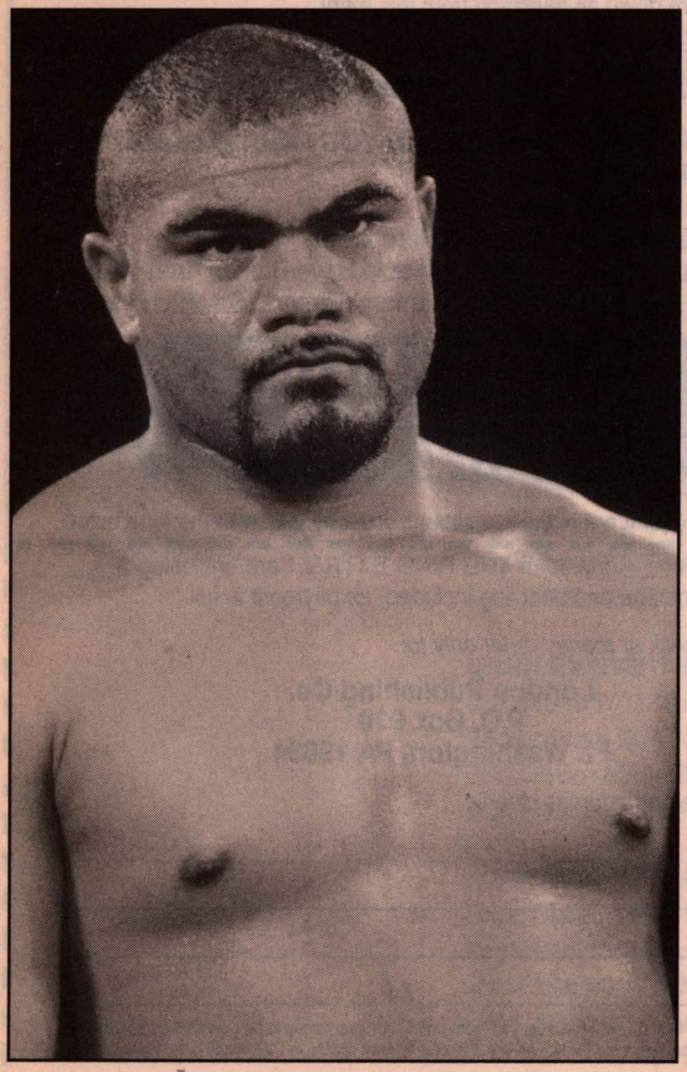
Seconds Out! ENTERPRISES PRESENTS

FIGHTER of the MONTH

The emergence of a young heavyweight is an exciting thing. But the emergence of a young heavyweight *puncher* is reason to pound your chest, stomp your feet, and scream with delight. In March, when a tank named David Tua sent John Ruiz into the breeze with a one-punch, first-round kayo, eyebrows were raised. So were expectations, and Tua was closely watched when matched vs. Darroll Wilson on the Whitaker-Rivera II undercard on HBO. Wilson was both tough and undefeated; he had survived the early blitz of then-undefeated Shannon Briggs before crushing the heavily hyped New Yorker in three rounds. But when Tua, 25-0 (21), connected with that big hook six seconds before the end of the first round—*ouch!*—Wilson, 17-1-2 (11), crashed as if a cannonball had fallen on his head.



That's all it took—one left hook.

"This guy can punch," manager and trainer Lou Duva said of Tua. "Anybody he hits, he can knock out."

Hey, we're excited, too, but you can stop pounding your chest, stomping your feet, and screaming with delight now. After all, the fight's been over for more than two months.

• • • •

David Tua

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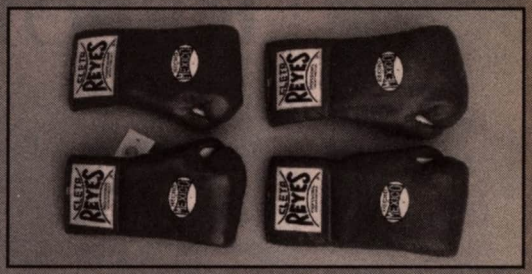

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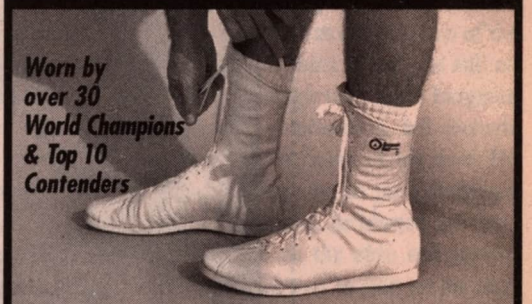

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

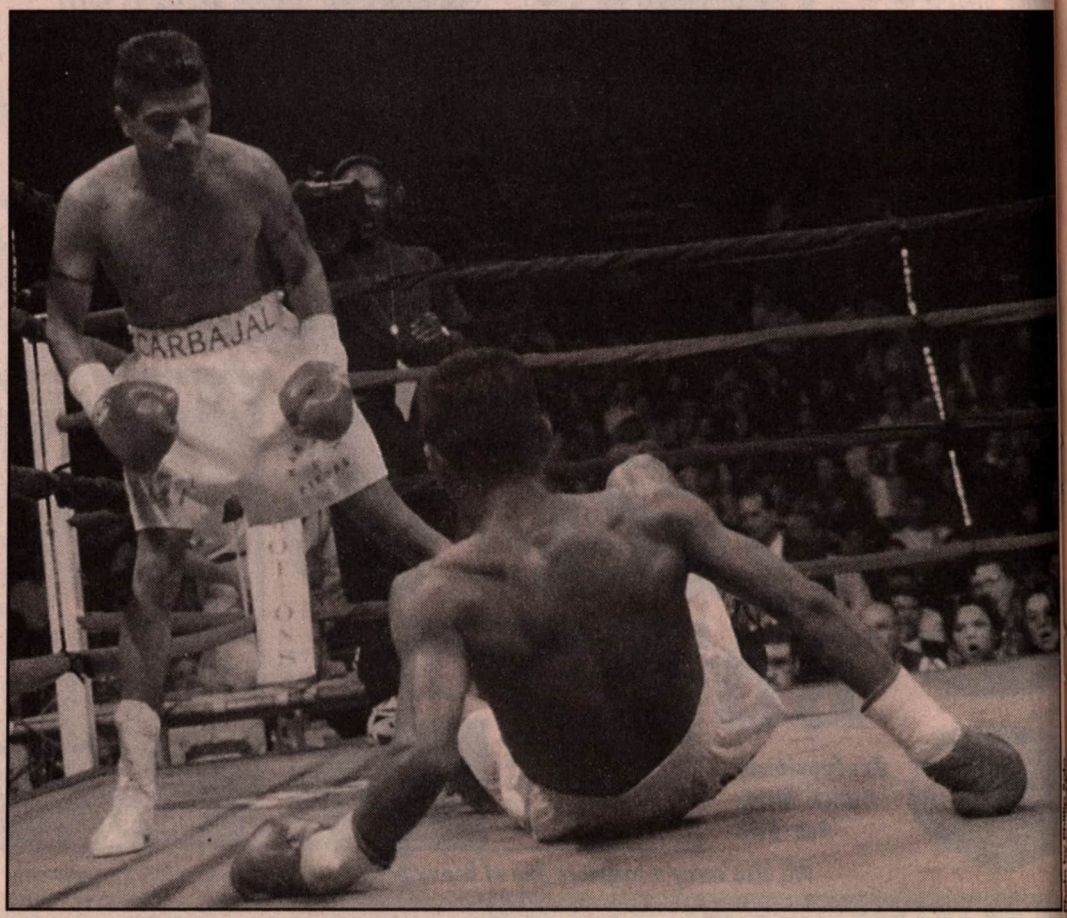
Michael Carbajal KO 8 Julio Coronell

Des Moines, Iowa: Making the first defense of his second reign as IBF junior flyweight champion, and taking the first title fight of his second run with promoter Bob Arum's Top Rank, Carbajal proved far too powerful for substitute "Indio" Coronell, scoring five knockdowns en route to a convincing TKO victory before a crowd of 2,600 at the Knapp Center of Drake University.

The 28-year-old Carbajal, 107½, Phoenix, Arizona, was outhustled throughout, but knowing that he could drop the challenger virtually at will, he remained unconcerned. Coronell, 108, Barranquilla, Colombia, a substitute for Florida-based Dominican Manuel Jesus Herrera, lacked both the chin and the firepower to threaten an upset.

In the first round, Carbajal, 42-2 (27), backed to the ropes and covered up as the 29-year-old Coronell, 16-10-1 (13) with 1 no-decision, punched freely, albeit with wide, telegraphed shots. Just when it seemed the challenger was establishing momentum, Carbajal exploded with a hook to the chin, driving the Colombian to the floor.

Early in the second, Carbajal shook Coronell with a straight right, then, with 50 seconds remaining in the round, downed him with a one-two. Another knockdown followed. Still, Coronell proved stubborn, and i



Nothing personal, but Carbajal kept putting Coronell down

wasn't until Carbajal unleashed a body attack in the fourth that a kayo ending became all but inevitable.

With 30 seconds left in the sixth, Carbajal reached Coronell again, felling him with a hook. The challenger was staggered by a counter hook in the seventh, then sent down for a final time by a right in the eighth. Referee Sean Curtin (USA) waved the bout over at the 52-second mark without issuing a count.

The judges were Frank Garza, Gary Merritt, and Dave Hess, all from the USA.

"He took a good shot; he was a good fighter," said Carbajal. "I always expect that. You can't look at records. They're deceiving."

Danny Carbajal, the champion's brother and chief handler, said he was hoping for a showdown with unbeaten WBC strawweight champion Ricardo Lopez "in the spring of 1997."

Carbajal earned $95,000 and Coronell $5,000.

The bout, Des Moines' first world title fight since Henry Armstrong-Al Manfredo in 1939, was televised by ESPN.

(9-13-96)

Kostya Tszyu KO 6 Jan Bergman

Newcastle, Australia: IBF junior welterweight champion Tszyu confirmed his reputation as one of the world's best pound-for-pound fighters with a spectacular knockout of mandatory challenger Bergman after six intense, hard-fought rounds at the Newcastle Entertainment Centre. It was Tszyu's fourth defense.

Bergman, 140, Las Vegas, Nevada, via Johannesburg, South Africa, suffered his first defeat in 33 starts. He was under strict instructions from American trainer Kenny Adams to keep Tszyu, 140, Sydney, Australia, at a distance, move to his right, get into a jab-and-move rhythm from the start, and rely more on his right cross than his left hook. With the 26-year-old challenger looking so relaxed before the fight, there seemed little prospect of him being hustled off his stride. Instead, he was drawn into a give-no-quarter brawl, and paid the price.

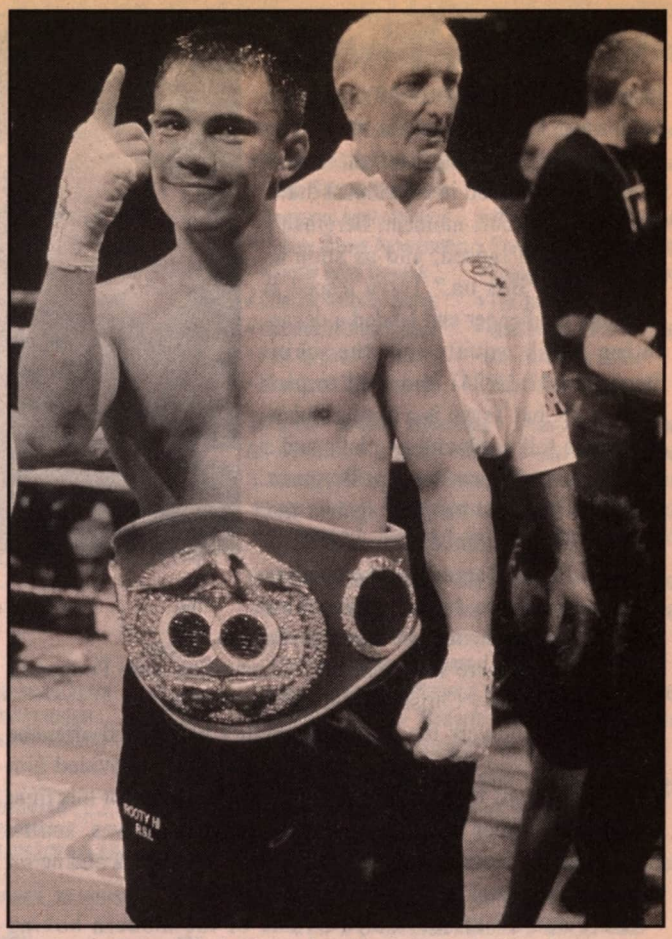
The Russia-born champion charged from the opening bell, but Bergman was too quick, keeping the 27-year-old Tszyu off him with his jab and catching him with a hook and later a stinging right. The challenger won the round on all three cards.

Early in the second, however, Bergman's game plan became unraveled when he was cut at the corner of his left eye from what was ruled an accidental headbutt. Another butt brought severe swelling to his mouth, and from that point on, Bergman went to war.

"That cut really seemed to affect him," said Adams. "He kept on picking at it, even when we told him not to, and he lost concentration. It also had the effect of making him want to go all-out for a knockout, and he stopped listening in the corner. Partly it was inexperience, and partly it was a macho thing. He had the crowd [more than 6,000] against him, and he wanted to show them that he could knock their man out."

Both men fired huge punches, but it was clear that the champion, with his greater strength and resilience, was more adept at this kind of fighting. He was able to slip most of Bergman's jabs and get under his wide hooks, and in this way managed to find his way into the middle range, where he was most dangerous.

Having shaded the second, Tszyu consolidated in the third, banging home a hard uppercut and, soon after, a trio of right crosses. Bergman responded with three hooks and a right, and later a one-two and another right, but it was Tszyu who was dictating the rhythm of the fight.



Tszyu: Headed for a showdown with De La Hoya?

The fourth was a better round for the challenger. While he missed a lot—a tribute to Tszyu's much-improved defense—he caught the champion with a big cross early in the round, a punch that would have stopped many other junior welterweights. Soon after, Bergman fired home a three-punch combination, and then another right, but he was still overusing his hook, a punch the champion was having little difficulty avoiding.

As they came out for the fifth, the fight was even on two of the cards, with Tszyu ahead by a point on the third. There was still no clear pattern of dominance. Midway through the round, Bergman banged home an excellent four-punch combination, but seconds later Tszyu responded with a spectacular flurry of his own. He was now starting to counterpunch effectively, to push Bergman back, and to find his range. Late in the round, he blasted the challenger with a hook that landed flush on the chin and forced Bergman to hold. The South African did well to stay on his feet, but Tszyu was all over him when the bell rang.

Bergman's best hope at this stage was to follow his corner's advice and box at long distance, but he still seemed intent on taking the champion's head off with every blow. Early in the sixth, his confidence must have been boosted when his hook finally found its mark, knocking Tszyu back. Seconds later, Tszyu emerged from a close-quarters flurry with a cut on his right eyelid,

the result of a clash of heads.

Referee Billy Males (Australia) inspected it carefully, and Tszyu, 18-0 (14), must have thought the third man was close to stopping the fight, which would have resulted in a technical draw. For an inexplicable moment, Bergman's concentration lapsed, and as soon as Males said, "Box on," Tszyu leaped at the taller challenger and landed a devastating hook square on the chin. Bergman, 32-1 (24), did well to pick himself up, but Tszyu is a deadly finisher, and he followed with two lefts and a huge right to the jaw that sent Bergman crashing, his head banging against the canvas. Males immediately waved it off, and though Bergman woke up after about four seconds, his corner kept him down for three minutes as a safety precaution.

The judges were Ray Wheatley (Australia), Pete Podgorski (USA), and Stanley Christodoulou (South Africa).

Both boxers were the picture of civility before and after the fight. Tszyu paid tribute to a challenger who had provided him with the toughest fight of his career. "I trained harder for this fight than for any other because we knew how good he was, and he lived up to it," he said of Bergman. "He was very quick and he hit very hard, so it took me a while to sort him out."

Bergman described Tszyu as one of the modern boxing "greats," but reiterated his belief that he can be beaten. "I was surprised at just how strong he was, and he was also faster than I expected, and an excellent counterpuncher, but I am also to blame for my own defeat," he said. "For some reason, I just didn't follow my corner's instructions. The cut affected me a bit, but the main thing was his strength. I still think he can be beaten by someone who gives him a lot of movement, with a good jab and right."

Tszyu has nine months to go before needing to make his next mandatory defense (against Fred Pendleton). As a result, there is increased speculation concerning a showdown with WBC super lightweight champion Oscar De La Hoya. Such a matchup would be among the most intriguing in boxing.

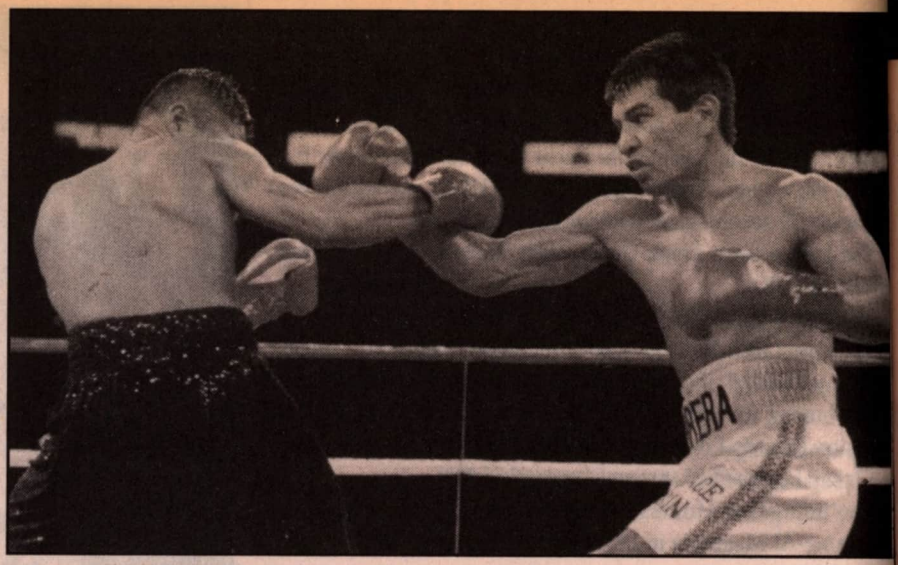
Promoters: Zoo Promotions, Cedric Kushner Productions
(9-14-96)
Gavin Evans

Marco Antonio Barrera KO 10 Jesse Magana

Inglewood, California: For a long time, everyone knew this junior featherweight showdown was coming. But even the most ardent fans of the 23-year-old Magana, a tough, sweet-natured kid from the barrio of Hanford, California, had to know how it was going to end. And they were right; there was no miracle this night at the Great Western Forum.

Throwing quick, precise combinations, and always doing so with bad intentions, Barrera, 122, Mexico City, Mexico, took apart his gallant but woefully outclassed opponent like a steel hammer on a soft rock.

Ignoring his corner, the left-handed Magana, 122, tried to



Barrera's greatness was evident vs. Magana

come straight at Barrera and trade shot for shot. But time after time, Barrera, 22, slipped or batted away the punches and punished Magana for throwing them. Magana's legs, as though disobeying his will, would then take him backward as "The Baby-Faced Assassin" pursued and punished him some more.

Still looking and fighting like one of the best boxers in the world, Barrera worked at a steady pace, breaking down his opponent with an array of jabs, hooks, uppercuts, and straight rights. Round after round, little changed, except for the steady accumulation of bruises on Magana's face.

Because Magana kept his right low, and because he's a southpaw, the only missing ingredient from Barrera's attack was his trademark hook to the liver. Instead, he threw more hooks to the head. Magana, who never stopped trying, also threw a lot of hard shots, but few landed cleanly.

Barrera, 43-0 (31), scored what appeared to be a clean knockdown in the seventh, but referee Robert Byrd (USA) ruled it a slip. In the eighth, Magana, 18-5-2 (8), retreated to a corner after eating a big one-two, then fell to the canvas. He beat the count, but his face was still in agony as he gamely squared off again.

In the 10th, Barrera landed a hook-right-hook combination that put Magana down again. Byrd immediately waved the fight over at the 1:56 mark.

The judges were Jesus Arias Torres (Mexico), Larry Rozadilla (USA), and Lou Filippo (USA).

His face bruised and battered, Magana, who was to get stitched on the bridge of his nose, thanked Barrera for giving him the fight. Responded Barrera, who no longer talks of retirement, "I enjoyed this. Jesse is a smart fighter, and he came to fight."

So who does Barrera want next? While Junior Jones is likely, with Kennedy McKinney to fight the winner, the Mexican answered, "Naseem Hamed." But will Hamed ever want Barrera? We can only hope.

Along with McKinney's points victory over Mexico's Nestor Lopez, the bout was televised on HBO.

Promoter: Forum Boxing
(9-14-96)
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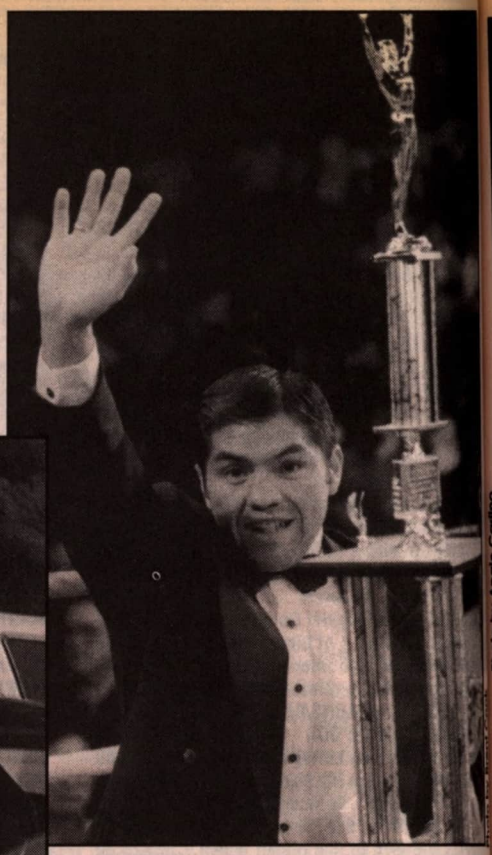

Photo by Angie Carlino

Recently retired junior flyweight champion Chiquita Gonzalez was honored during the Marco Antonio Barrera-Jesse Magana card at the Great Western Forum. The Mexican kayo artist enjoyed three reigns as WBC titlist.

Photo by Jay Lash

You know you're a hot commodity when Don King starts giving you sports cars for gifts. Female boxing sensation Christy Martin, the recent recipient of a BMW, shares a moment with another collector of expensive autos, Mike Tyson.

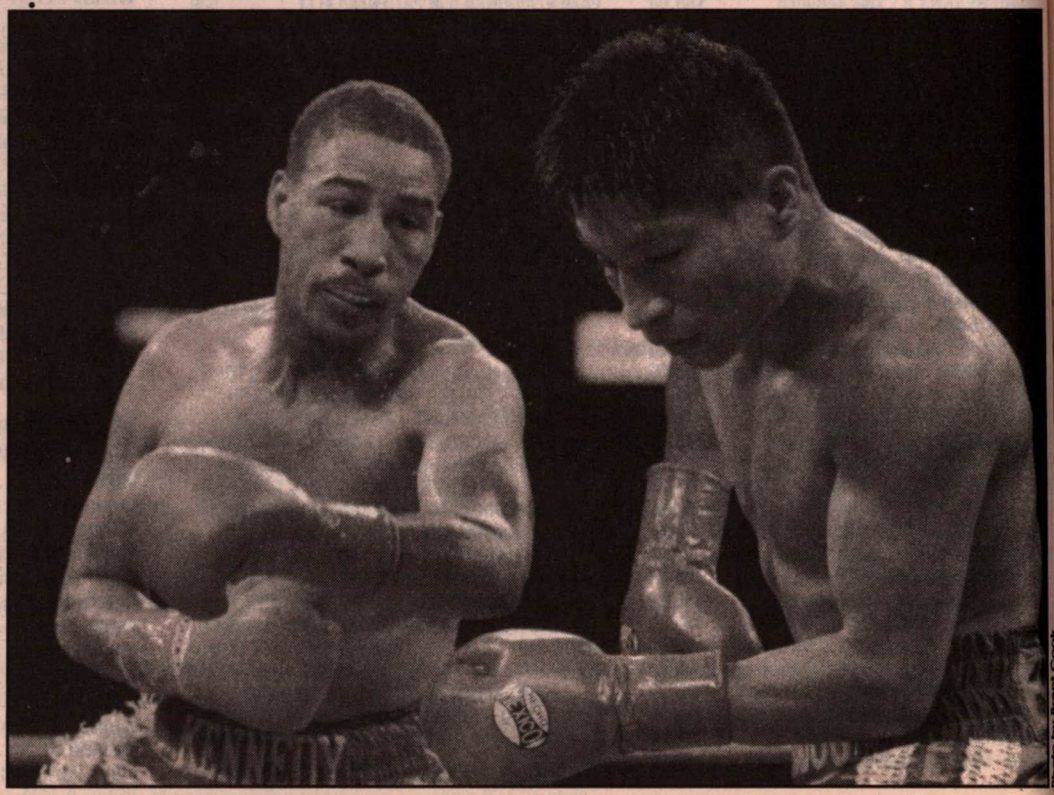

Photo by Brad Cook

Also on the Barrera-Magana card, former junior featherweight champion Kennedy McKinney outpointed Mexico's Nestor Lopez over 10 rounds. "King Kennedy" is hoping for a rematch with Barrera.

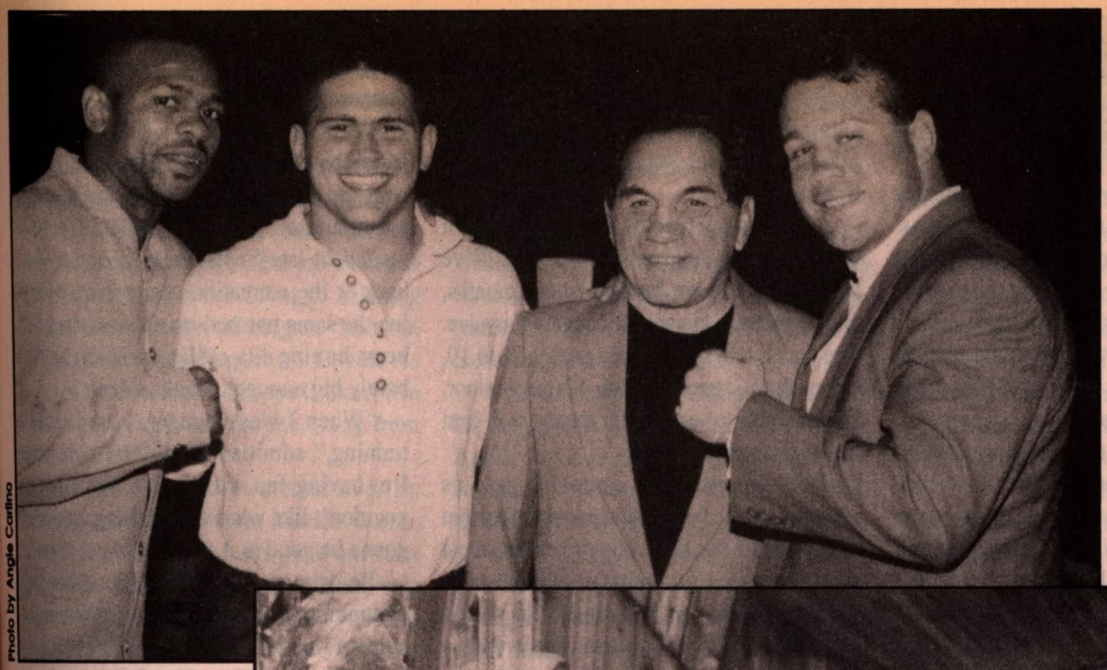

Photo by Angie Catino

Keeping good company: Recently spotted at ringside were (from left): Roy Jones, Dana Rosenblatt, former world welterweight champion Tony DeMarco, and Bobby Czyz.

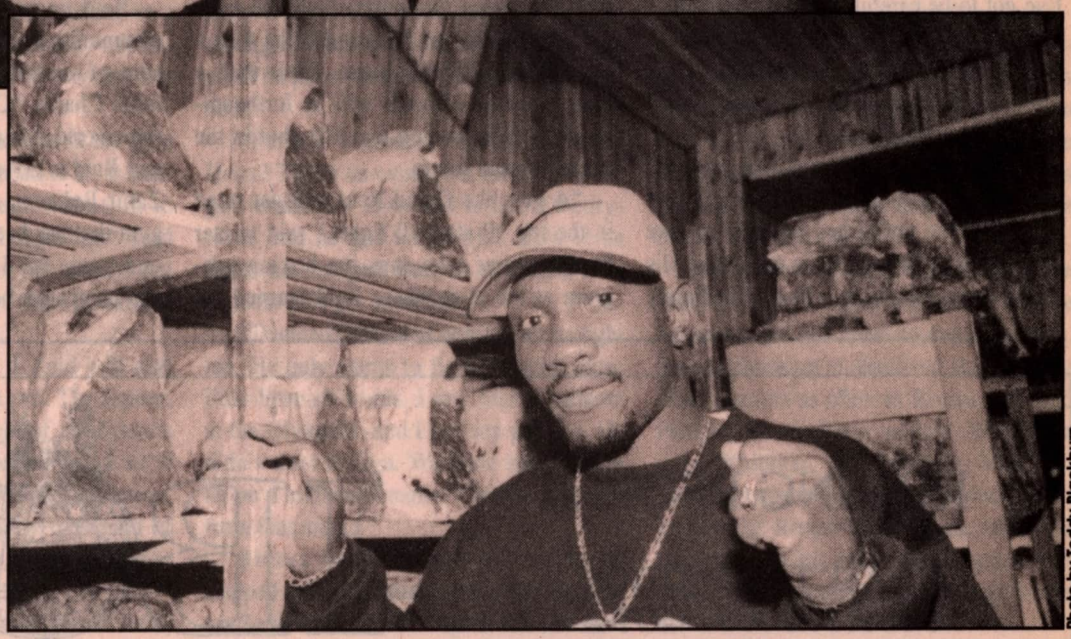

Photo by Teddy Blackburn

We doubt Pernell Whitaker has taken to Rocky Balboa-like training techniques to improve his punching power, but photos don't lie. Pound that beef, "Sweet Pea."

Only in America: In September, vocal promoter Don King was asked to address the members of Harvard Law School. "I've been in more courtrooms than any of you," he told them.

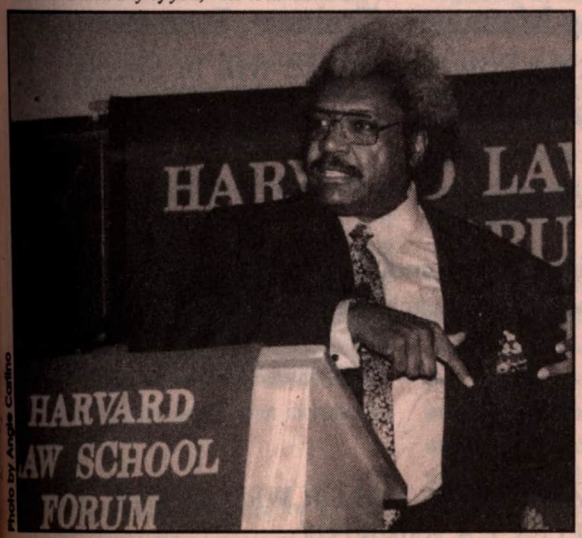

Photo by Angie Catino

NOSTALGIA CORNER

It was never easy beating Sugar Ray Robinson like a drum, but Ringo Starr seems to have the upper hand during this 1968 encounter of living legends in Rome. Robinson and Starr were on location for the filming of the movie Candy.

David Reid

(Continued from page 37)

moned to a motel room he was sharing with his girlfriend, Shalonda Ellis. Although Ellis asked that charges not be filed, Reid was cited and spent the night in custody before Mitchell arranged for his release. All charges were dropped in July, but the experience was something that Reid won't soon forget.

"I'm not gonna mess up like that no more," he said. "But I probably needed that, because right now I'm being smart about things. Mostly every move I make, I've got to be careful. I'm not gonna lie. I have a whole lot of thug friends, but I can't be around them. I say hi, and speak for a few seconds, then I'm out of there. I can't hang around with them."

Even though he's parlayed his gold medal into a gilt-edged pro contract, Reid still has some unfinished business to take care of before he makes his pro debut. His left eye was injured in a bout with Danny Santos at the 1995 Pan-American Games, and although his sight isn't threatened, his eyelid droops due to muscle damage. The surgical procedure to correct the injury is fairly routine, but Reid has been frustrated by delays.

"I'm sick and tired of it being like this. It messes up my appearance," he said. "I've been seeing a doctor for the past two months, and he wants to know every angle of my eye. The doctor told me that on a scale of 1 to 10, the operation I need is a two. It's very minor. But he wants to see how far the eye will heal before he operates."

Reid knows that once his eye is repaired, he'll begin "the most important five years of my life." His pro debut, most likely to come in January, will be televised, probably on Fox, and bring him a guaranteed $200,000 purse. After that, a busy schedule of bouts will be forthcoming, hopefully leading to a title shot in the not too distant future.

"A guy like David Reid will get rated in the top 10 after 10 fights," said trainer Fred Jenkins, who runs the boxing program at the gym where Reid learned his craft. "That's the way things are today. He's gonna leap over boundaries like Superman."

While Superman is a bit of a stretch, Reid certainly has star potential, due in large part to the manner in which he's dedicated himself to his goal. When THE RING visited in late-September, we found Reid back at the recreation center gym, pounding the same patched-up old heavybag he's been honing his skills on since he was barely big enough to make a dent.

"When I was younger, I used to hate training," admitted Reid. "But right now I'm having fun with it. It's like a job. If you don't like what you're doing, you ain't gonna be good at it. Now, I love to train."

Reid is not the first fighter from this community-oriented gym to enjoy a measure of success. Former IBF lightweight titlist Charlie "Choo Choo" Brown, three-time world title challenger Rodney Moore and Reid's 119-pound Olympic teammate Zahir Raheem, all came out of the same gym that has been the gold medalist's second home for 12 years. But once Reid's pro campaign begins in earnest, Mitchell

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intends to remove his prize pupil from his old neighborhood and the temptations that have been the downfall of so many Philly fighters.

"Philadelphia has always produced the best fighters, but so many of them have been ruined by the streets," said Mitchell, who, seven years ago, took a job as coach for USA Boxing at the Olympic Training Center in Marquette, Michigan. "I'm not going to have that happen to David. As soon as the doctor says his eye is okay, I'm bringing him up here with me, away from all that craziness."

Until then, Reid is watched over by retired junior welterweight Marvin Garris, who acts as his driver, buffer, and one-man entourage. Like Mitchell and Jenkins, he's watched Reid grow from a skinny adolescent into the hottest prospect to come out of the '96 Olympics.

"Although I noticed he was at the gym every day and always listened to his coaches, I didn't pay too much attention to David while I was still fighting," said Garris. "Back then, he was just another kid at the gym. But as he got older, I realized he was something special."

It remains to be seen if Reid will also be something special as a pro. The fighter, overflowing with the sort of confidence that breeds success, doesn't think he'll have any difficulty making the transition. He's positive fans will enjoy the brand of two-fisted excitement he generates inside the ring.

"If they pay to come see David Reid, they're gonna get their money's worth," insisted boxing's newest Olympic hero. "Every second of the bout, I'm looking to knock you out. Even if I'm throwing light punches, you best believe a hard shot is coming. I want people to know that punch [that kayoed Duvergel] wasn't no lucky punch."

And if you don't believe it, Reid will be delighted to show you the tape. ■

Whitaker-Rivera

(Continued from page 39)

Whitaker has done better than anyone for years.

Fight.

Whitaker has been longing for a match with his 22-year-old counterpart for more than a year, but while Trinidad keeps talking about his willingness to fight THE RING's former pound-for-pound champion, he has yet to agree to do so. And Whitaker is growing impatient and disdainful of him because of it.

"We don't have to hide no names," Whitaker yapped. "These guys all say they want to fight, but they don't sign no contracts. My name is always the only one on those contracts. Theirs isn't.

"If I could get Trinidad or [Oscar] De La Hoya [who agreed to a match for next April, but has postponed it until next September because of tendinitis in his left shoulder], I'd go that way, but I'm not taking orders to fight anybody. They all say they want to fight me when they talk amongst themselves, but when it's time to put it on paper and seal the deal, they don't do it.

"Pernell Whitaker vs. Oscar De La Hoya? That's an event, but now he say he got tendinitis. How old is he? Twenty-three and he got tendinitis? Now if he fights me and gets beat, as he will, it'll be because he's got tendinitis.

"Trinidad? Trinidad don't want to fight me. He only wants to fight me with those little Spanish words. I saw him in Atlanta at the Olympics, and I had my pen out. He didn't want to sign. We were supposed to be on a collision-course. Then he woke up from that dream."

Rivera had a dream, too, when he stepped in with Whitaker for a second time on September 20. In April, he had surprised the champion by fighting to a split decision loss that many felt signaled the beginning of the end for Whitaker. Rivera had fought a bloated and uninterested Whitaker close in that first bout. In fact, some observers felt Rivera might even have won. But they had no such delusions once the rematch was over, despite scorecards that were far closer than reality seemed to have warranted.

The WBC ordered an immediate rematch after the first fight, and Whitaker had no choice but to grant it, which only added to a long-standing distaste he has for that organization. He has angered WBC officials by refusing to bring their championship belt into the ring with him, and a month before the Rivera rematch, he said he didn't care about their title, a statement that so angered WBC President Jose Sulaiman, he called Whitaker's promoter and demanded an apology.

But with Trinidad and De La Hoya not yet ready to square off with him, Whitaker had no other option but to face Rivera a second time. After 12 years as a pro and seven years as a world champion, had he begun to slip? Was he in danger of losing the title to the once-defeated challenger?

"I don't even read that stuff," Whitaker scoffed. "I catch the flu at 32 and have a bad night and I'm washed-up? The press is so spoiled with me not getting hit that when I do get hit, I can hear them at ringside saying, 'Why'd he get hit?' Everybody knows who the best pound-for-pound fighter is. I'm not saying those other guys aren't good. It's just that I'm great."

Whitaker is well-aware of the whispering campaign that is now questioning his continued greatness despite his second win over Rivera, and he does not like it. Yet he used that skepticism to fuel himself for his hardest training camp in years, and the results were obvious.

Just as obvious was a decision he made from the fight's outset. He would not use his speed and quickness to their optimum, instead choosing to stand and slug it out at close quarters as often as Rivera, 147, Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico, wanted. While this gave Whitaker, 147, Norfolk, Virginia, some early problems, by the halfway point he had cut Rivera's left cheek, bloodied the bridge of his nose, and dropped him once with a powerful straight left to the face.

In the end, the judges made Whitaker only a close victor. However, few sitting ringside concurred, including Trinidad, who kept hollering for Rivera, even though that made no business sense.

"I was trying to give support to my countryman, but I saw Whitaker sometimes looking at me," Trinidad said. "I tell him the most we will wait is one more [fight], and then I will knock him out."

If Trinidad ends up with the same judges, he might be wiser to take his chances with a decision. In a fight in which the champion landed 65 more punches than the challenger while throwing 271 fewer, Jay Kasses (USA) somehow made Whitaker a winner by only 113-112. Masakazu Uchida (Japan) scored 115-113, and John Keane (England) a more reasonable 115-111.

What made the totals even more perplexing was that the sixth round was scored 10-7 for Whitaker, 39-1-1 (16). He won that stanza easily, dropping the 27-year-old Rivera, 23-2-1 (14), and further benefiting when the challenger was penalized a point by referee Frank Santore (USA) for punching low. Despite all that, Whitaker barely escaped. Yet regardless of the scoring or Whitaker's decision to not use his greatest weapons—his shiftiness, defense, and still-formidable speed—he controlled the bout and was never in trouble. Not that that surprised him.

"What happened in April was a blessing in disguise," Whitaker said. "That fight brought me back. I'm still the pound-for-pound best fighter in the world, and I'm gonna show it. These young guys all want what I got, but they got to be patient. You can't run your mouth or look sad and think someone will put you into history.

"None of them can be the best until they fight me. I have nothing against De La Hoya, but he hasn't been around long enough to be considered for the pound-for-pound title. So he beat [Julio Cesar] Chavez. We all know I'm the one that ruined Chavez. We'll see what happens when he gets in there with the master. I'll break him down.

"I been waiting on Trinidad for two or three years. I'm hopeful he will come into the ring right now and let the fans know that he wants to fight."

When someone translated that for Trinidad, he responded, "How about tomorrow?"

Whitaker didn't wait an instant to react, snapping back, "What about right now? The ring's still up."

Trinidad smiled, but he had no ready response for Whitaker, who had used his quickness once again to silence an opponent.

"In April, I wasn't up to my best," the champion continued. "I had the flu and was on antibiotics, and I realized after nine rounds I couldn't take it to the body anymore. But there's a lot more fight left in Pernell Whitaker. This time I wanted to be the Pernell Whitaker of old."

Whitaker was not quite that, and may never be again. He was hit far more often than before, although Rivera could do little with him. The challenger repeatedly rapped Whitaker to the body in the early rounds and, in the fifth, was credited with a questionable knockdown; he landed two bodyshots, and as Whitaker retreated, tripped him with his left leg.

Whitaker got up with a disgusted look on his face and went back about his business, landing solid counter lefts and a jab that ripped into Rivera's face a total of 134 times.

That jab was the difference—that and Whitaker's superior accuracy. Yet the feeling lingers that he is no longer the unhittable force he was when unifying the lightweight title and then winning portions of the junior welterweight, welterweight, and junior middleweight championships.

Even his staunchest supporters have to concede that the Whitaker of 1996 is not the Whitaker of 1986. Or even of 1994, for that matter.

"Pete's not what he was five or six years ago, but how could he be?" admits trainer Lou Duva. "He's a little older. He's had over 40 fights. That takes its toll. But he's still beating any of these guys easily when he's trained for them. 'Sweet Pea' is still the best."

Whether he is or not can't be answered until Trinidad, De La Hoya, or WBA welterweight champion Ike Quartey, who is the hardest hitter of the three young lions, steps in to face him. Until then, it has to be said that Whitaker has answered every challenge of his career. Yet it is difficult to ignore that his most recent performances have all resulted in his being hit more often than in the early days. He has struggled harder and harder to overcome lesser opponents like Rivera and Gary Jacobs, whom he once would have overwhelmed.

But this is not all bad news. Like Sugar Ray Robinson and Muhammad Ali before him, as Whitaker ages, his style has become more crowd-pleasing. Once he was so difficult to hit and so defensive in his approach under the direction of trainer George Benton that many fight fans found him displeasing to watch.

In this last stage of his career, however, Whitaker can no longer fight 12 rounds on his toes, dodging, dipping, always moving, making his opponent miss again and again before landing quickly and then disappearing. Having been slowed by age and the wear and tear of a lifetime in the ring, he has begun to show some vulnerability, and fans are beginning to warm to him because of it.

There is danger in the ring for Whitaker when he has to go flatfooted and swap with opponents who suddenly find him within range. There is now what there seldom was before when he boxed—the likelihood that at some point he will be hit solidly and have to respond. Fans find this intriguing because who knows what will follow if those punches are coming from Trinidad, De La Hoya, or Quartey.

That is the intrigue Whitaker brings to the ring today, a suspense that never accompanied him before. Thus far, his response has been to take the shots he used to slip and fire back, and that has turned him from a boring boxing machine into a more interesting, if less skillful, fighter.

This was clear in Miami, where for much of the fight the crowd of 3,200 was roaring, first for the underdog Rivera, and later for Sweet Pea. Whitaker stood at close quarters, and often directly in front of Rivera, landing an effective jab and enough left hands to back up the challenger and slowly take away his taste for battle.

It was not until the final minute of the final round that Whitaker slipped into his trademark low squat and his clowning act. Prior to that, he concentrated on his business, which has gone from avoiding nearly all punches and embarrassing opponents with his defense to *trying* to avoid all punches and embarrassing opponents with his offense.

Whitaker's growing vulnerability, which he maintains is as much a mirage as his young challengers' taste for fighting him, has turned him into more than just a world champion. He is now a fighter whose presence brings doubt and questions into the ring, a combination of factors that will bring with them big money when the young lions are ready to roar.

Whitaker knows what he needs in the final rounds of his career. He needs one of those young lions to step in with him, as De La Hoya says he is ready to do. He needs someone like Trinidad to show up for a Whitaker fight not in a dress suit and tie at ringside, but in his business suit, which consists of shorts and a pair of gloves.

When that happens, the world will learn not only how much Whitaker has lost after 12 years of professional boxing, but also how much he has left. It is his opinion that will be more than his young opponents expect.

Much more.

"I know what some people are saying, but I got more years left in me," Whitaker said. "I won't be chased away because people want me to retire. I got talent that's a gift from God. I'm 32. That's not old. Old is mental. What am I supposed to do, sit back and be an armchair quarterback?

"I know if you stay too long in boxing, anybody can beat you, but what's too long? When I see that developing, I'll know it. You can't wait until you get beat. You gotta see it before it happens and select a date and time to end it. But I got two or three more years, the rest of this year and 1997. Then we'll see."

By then, if Whitaker gets his fondest desire, he will have seen Trinidad, De La Hoya, and Quartey *inside* a boxing ring. For he knows, as we know, that's exactly the way it's supposed to be. ■

Ron Borges, a frequent contributor to The Ring, is a boxing writer and columnist for the Boston Globe.

Bowe-Golota

(Continued from page 42)

story. If you hit me in the family jewels, you can cancel Christmas. If the referee didn't stop it [after the final low blow], I couldn't have gone on.

"He has awakened me. This time, I'm giving myself the best opportunity. This time, I'm whipping Golota's ass. I'm gonna look so good, Howard Cosell's gonna make a comeback."

At a press conference the morning after the Golota fight, Newman, practicing damage control, pointed out that almost all of Bowe's finest performances have come after relatively poor ones. In other words, he stunk against Golota, so watch out in the rematch. Indeed, even before the low blows began to take their toll, Golota, undefeated but relatively untested, outfought Bowe in every way. His jab was stronger and more accurate, his defense was much sharper, and his power shots, especially his right crosses, made bigger dents. And perhaps most importantly, unlike his opponent, he hadn't dined on curried goat the night before the fight.

"I don't eat meat before a fight, and that's what I ate the day before," said Bowe. "It made me slow and sluggish."

Ah, the *real* reason Futch resigned.

We'll leave the spiced goat meat stories to the tabloids. For our purposes, what's important is that Bowe is sure to improve his performance in the rematch. But so is Golota. In July, the Polish heavyweight couldn't have been sure how he'd match up against a championship-caliber fighter like Bowe. (His biggest win had been a stoppage of fellow prospect Danell Nicholson.) In fact, the pressure of the moment seemed too much of a burden. When, at an HBO production meeting the evening before the fight, Golota learned the bout would be scheduled for 12, and not 10, rounds, he turned into an emotional wreck. He threatened to pack his bags and go home, and even on fight night at Madison Square Garden, his handlers weren't sure he'd answer the opening bell.

As if another distraction was needed, there was an 11th-hour dispute over which fighter would use what brand of gloves. After that was settled, Golota's dressing room had the feel of a funeral parlor. Even the ebullient Lou Duva was somber and reserved. It was a small miracle that Golota made his ring-walk, a medium-sized miracle that he was competitive, and a major miracle that he gained command. Had he not been disqualified for repeatedly hitting Bowe low, he would surely have emerged victorious.

When he climbs through the ropes in December, Golota will know he belongs with Bowe. What the worth of that is is incalculable. Conversely, while Futch will be missed, Bowe will be primed to offer his best, and that should be enough to vault him to victory. "I need a challenge," he said. "Holyfield did it for me, [Jorge Luis] Gonzalez did it for me, and [Pierre] Coetzer did it for me. I was embarrassed in New York, in front of my hometown crowd, in a fight I was supposed to win handily. Now Golota has done it for me, too."

At a closed photo shoot in October, the heavyweights went nose-to-nose. Both men, reported photographer Will Hart, behaved like professionals, and there were no insults or incidents. But while Golota looked into the eyes of his opponent and saw a fighter he could beat, Bowe returned the stare and saw a fighter he planned to destroy. Advantage Big Daddy.

Given what transpired at the Garden, it might surprise some that Bowe will be favored by as much as 3-1. "The average bettor might like Golota, but the sharpies will back Bowe," said Las Vegas boxing oddsmaker extraordinaire Herb Lambeck. That's because they believe that when he's properly conditioned and motivated, Bowe is, at worst, the second-best heavyweight in the world. Secondly, in a fight that figures to be physical and punch-packed, Bowe features the mightier wallop.

"I'm gonna manhandle Golota; he's gonna see a totally different fighter," promised Bowe. "The first time, I was straight up and down, a stationary target. I thought I'd just hit him and he'd fall down. This time, I gotta apply pressure, use the left hand, punch in combination, and move my head. I have to prove that no matter what Golota brings to the ring, I'm a much better fighter."

A look at the can't-wait rematches in heavyweight history reveals that with rare exceptions, the original has been the better fight of the two. Nonetheless, the guess here is that Bowe-Golota II will be another doozy, sans low blows and postfight riot. Wishful thinking? Perhaps. But Golota is a lot better than first impressions revealed, and Bowe is a lot better than last impressions suggested. These are huge, fairly fresh heavyweights with solid boxing skills and championship chins. Their talents seem to complement each other. So why shouldn't they give us another rumble to remember?

The pick is Bowe, for whom the stakes are much higher. Even after winning the heavyweight title and then, three years later, reestablishing himself as the best fighter in his division, he still feels the need to prove himself, or at least satisfy the public. "I don't know why, but I've always felt the people wanted to see me lose," he said.

Bowe doesn't need a map to see that the road to Lennox Lewis and Mike Tyson goes through Golota. Said Swanson, "Riddick knows that where he ends up in the history books will be determined by his next couple of fights."

He didn't need his mother to tell him that. ■

New Faces

(Continued from page 18)

two easy fights, but I see every opponent the same way and just go in the ring and do my job."

Under the tutelage of Lord, a former junior lightweight contender-turned-trainer/manager, Chavez has taken the fast track to a shot at world honors. The only blemish on his record came in his fifth pro fight, an eight-round split decision loss to Puerto Rican 1992 Olympian Carlos Gerena. Lord has consistently upped the quality of Chavez' opponents. "I've been in the game for 27 years and I've never seen anyone make so much progress in so little time," Lord said about his fighter. He's referring to Chavez' progress both in and out of the ring.

Lord has groomed his charge into a well-rounded boxer-puncher whose arsenal includes every blow imaginable. Chavez' preference is to force the action and use his favorite punch, a left hook, to wear his opponents down. He models his aggressive style after his boyhood hero, Roberto Duran. Like the Duran of the '70s, Chavez fights at a frenetic pace, cuts off the ring well, and gives his opponents little time to breathe.

His non-stop punching style requires superb conditioning, and Chavez more than lives up to the task of fine-tuning his body before each fight. He lives at the gym—literally. There was no point in renting an apartment, he says, when so much of his time was spent training. So he moved into a small room in the back of Lord's gym and has called it home ever since.

Rarely does Chavez take a day off from training; even on Sundays he can be found sprinting up the steps of Texas Memorial Stadium. His work ethic and discipline, he said, have become second-nature to him.

"The world title is what motivates me to train as hard as I do, especially when you know you have a chance, and a really good chance, of winning it," he said. "I have to give credit to Richard as well. He doesn't stand there with a stick, but he's there when he needs to be there to push me that extra mile."

Lord has little doubt about his fighter's potential. "He's got the heart of a lion, the skill, the dedication, the drive ... everything it takes to be a champion," he said. "He'll beat the best in the division—[Wilfredo] Vazquez, Kevin Kelley, Tom Johnson."

Chavez is less animated than his trainer, but no less singleminded in his quest for a world title. "I'm not going to let up until I'm world champion," he said. "That's my only goal. I'll fight anyone along the way. I don't care who they are. Bring 'em on."

A shot at the WBC super featherweight title would have been within reach earlier this year had events unfolded as Lord had hoped. Chavez was short-listed to help prepare Jesse James Leija in his attempt to regain the title from Azumah Nelson. "We went to San Antonio three times a week to spar with Leija," recalled Lord. "We were hoping that if he won, the Leija camp would return the favor and give Jesus a crack at the title. It would have been a great San Antonio-Austin matchup." As it turned out, "The Professor" emerged victorious and Leija returned to Texas without the belt.

"El Matador" then seized the opportunity to fight for the NABF title that had

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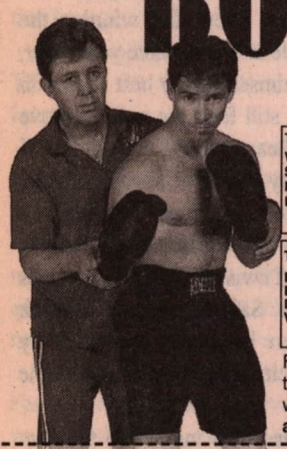

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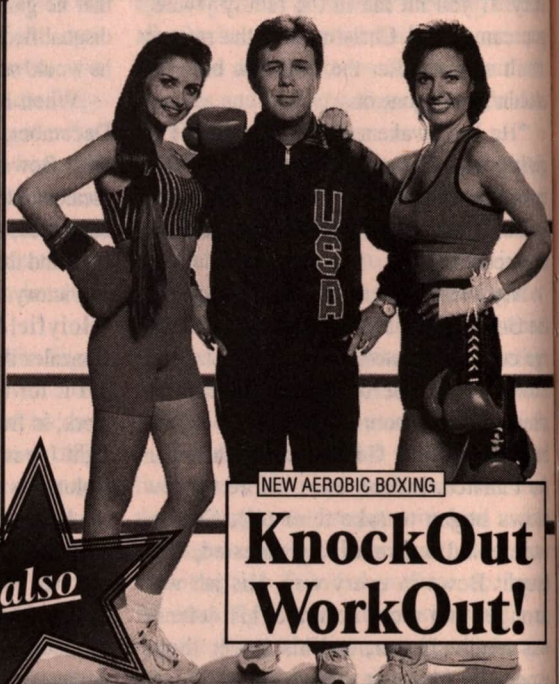

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been vacated by Derrick Gainer. His opponent was Javier Jauregui, the champion of Mexico and a fighter who had three times as many bouts as Chavez.

The difference in experience was evident early in the fight. Chavez came out charging his opponent with wild, looping punches that were easily slipped, blocked, or countered. The fight was even after six rounds, and it appeared Jauregui, 35-6-1 (28), would prevail over his overanxious foe. Chavez had missed so many blows, he seemed on the verge of punching himself out.

But Chavez seemed to mature and learn as the fight progressed. Catching his second wind, he settled down, shortened his punches, and shifted his attack to the body. Still setting a grueling pace, he utilized textbook-style combinations, starting at the body and moving to the head. He thoroughly dominated the second half of the bout, winning a unanimous decision and the NABF crown.

"I know I missed a lot of punches in the early rounds," Chavez said. "It took me longer than usual to feel him out, but I didn't slow down, I went to the body, and I did what I had to do to win the fight.

"I hit him with everything by the kitchen sink and he stood there. He's a great champion, all my respects to him."

Chavez admits it was his hardest fight to date, and he believes he'll continue to rise to the challenges that are presented as the quality of his competition improves. What made the win over Jauregui even sweeter was the fact that about 20 immediate and extended family members had come to Austin from all over the country. Among them were his parents, who drove 1,200 miles from Chicago to watch him fight.

Holding Chavez' newly won belt in the dressing room after the fight, his father Jesus recalled how his son was first introduced to boxing. It started with a pair of gloves an uncle gave him as a Christmas present when he was five. By age 10, Chavez was competing as an amateur. "He was 106 pounds, this big," Jesus said, raising his hand about five feet above the ground, "and knocking everyone down."

Steamrolling his way to a world championship will not be that easy, and Chavez acknowledges the abundance of talent in the featherweight division. All three world champions, the aforementioned Vazquez and Johnson, as well as Luisito Espinosa, are seasoned veterans. Waiting for their chances are the likes of Naseem Hamed, Kelley, and Alejandro Gonzalez. Considering his level of experience, Chavez would be up against overwhelming odds if matched with any of these guys. But guess what? He wouldn't have it any other way. ■

Peter Lim is a staff writer for the Hondo (Texas) Anvil Herald.

Trainers

(Continued from page 25)

the right hand in front of your face makes throwing a right two moves instead of one. I prefer one. That's why Ray Leonard beat [Marvin] Hagler. Hagler was a two-stepper who had to set himself every time he threw a punch." Since Hagler was also a Hall of Famer, imagine how good he would have been had he known how to hold his hands.

But who could disagree with Dundee, an icon who has trained more than a dozen world champions? Just about everyone.

"I like to see the right hand more toward the middle of the face, closer to the left shoulder, so the fighter is not too open," says Reid. But at least everyone agrees on the merits of keeping the left up. "Oh, you can drop the left and take punches off your shoulder if you're fast," adds Reid. "With the left low, you can also use an up-jab to cut the guy."

We won't even ask how to throw an up-jab. But about it being okay to drop the left, this requires more research. Perhaps the man known for training fighters in such a manner, Kronk boxing guru Emanuel Steward, can help.

"It bothers me when people say keeping the left hand low is the Kronk style," he says. "I prefer them to keep their hands up. Tommy Hearns was the only one who dropped the left, and he could get away with it. He never got caught by a right, except for Iran Barkley, who threw an unorthodox punch."

Not to argue with an expert like Steward, but didn't we just see a couple of other rights land on Tommy during his career? Like the ones from Hagler and Leonard that knocked him out?

In any case, if some trainers say you can drop the left and some say you can't, what do they all think about more radical innovations, like the cross-armed defense or Cus D'Amato's famous peekaboo?

"It's too difficult for most guys to punch from the cross-armed position, and as for D'Amato, he had his own way and I can't fault him," says Dundee. "But you can't punch from there."

Someone, quick, tell Mike Tyson he can't punch.

"People saying things like you can't jab from the peekaboo, it's a myth. It shows you don't know what you're talking about," answers Rooney. But even he doesn't like the cross-armed defense: "If it works for you, okay. But it's easily beatable."

The easily beatable Archie Moore, who won 196 fights with the cross-armed defense, holds a slightly different opinion: "It was difficult for opponents to get through the cross-armed defense, and I taught myself to strike from that position." Using a somewhat circular logic, Moore says, "It wasn't hard for me to punch from there because if it was hard, I wouldn't have used it."

If you're starting to doubt the wisdom of the masters, try this simple question on for size: What part of the fist are you supposed to hit with?

Steward: "Hit with the middle knuckle."

Mandris: "Hit with the first two knuckles."

Moore: "Hit with all the knuckles."

That narrows it down.

And if you're confused now, don't even think of getting into the more profound, technical questions, such as: How do you get power in a punch?

Says Dundee, "Fluidness is the key." *Fluidness?* "Yeah, the distance between you and your opponent, and the footwork you use to achieve it." Ah, fluidness.

"Balance," says Steward. "The weight shift and keeping a tight fist are the keys to a powerful punch." But what about fluidness?

"The snap of the shoulder and the legs at the same time is the key to power," says Rooney. So *that's* where "Iron Mike" gets those knockouts from.

"The most important thing, though, is a good follow-through," chips in Reid. "A fighter like Tyson is too squared off. He'd have even more power if he didn't square his shoulders so much." There's a truly terrifying thought: Tyson with even more power.

(Continued on page 60)

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Trainers

(Continued from page 59)

Probably the most honest, if least incisive, answer to the question of how to maximize punching power came from Fariello, who said, "Only God knows." That may be true, but He probably wants more than 10 percent to work a corner.

It seems none of boxing's leading experts can agree on any technical aspects of the sport. Even the most unquestioned tenets of the game bring a variety of bewildering responses. For example, any casual fan knows that the standard way to fight a southpaw is to move to your left and lead with your right. Right? *Right?*

"Against a southpaw, jab a lot and use the left hook over his shoulder. You don't necessarily have to move to your left," says Steward.

"Don't throw the right, but it's best to be first with a southpaw," says Dundee. "You have to mix it up. But never lead with the right."

"You want to put your foot up against his," says Moore.

"Most people say do this or that. But don't do anything different against them than anyone else," was Fariello's assessment of southpaws.

The best strategy, though, belongs to Rooney: "Try not to fight southpaws."

If all this has the average, inquiring reader scratching his head, imagine what it can do to a young, inexperienced, often uneducated boxer. Picture some 19-year-old listening to a corner filled with boxing's best minds: "All right, kid, keep both hands up, but remember to drop your left. Jab him by turning your shoulder into it, but don't rotate your shoulder. Be fluid, but snappy. Hit him with your middle knuckle, your first two knuckles, and all your knuckles. And if that doesn't work, God has some advice for you the next round."

In all fairness, there is no solid empirical data on what is the most effective way to box. All trainers are limited to knowledge they've garnered through their own experience. Besides which, training a fighter is more than just nuts-and-bolts technique. And it's hard to fault any man who has shown the ability to take multiple fighters to championships.

If there is one thing all the great boxing minds agree on, it's that great fighters need some talent. Otherwise, all the technique in the world won't help them. Moreover, they need the desire to win, which can often overcome any technical deficiencies. Finally, most trainers are intelligent enough to adjust their teaching to the individual, and humble enough to admit it's usually the fighter who makes the trainer look good.

And if all that information doesn't help, try one last, simple piece of advice: Jab more. ■

Mark Jacobs is a freelance writer based in White Plains, New York.

Records

(Continued from page 29)

for managers to "buy" fights for young prospects (for a spot on a show, a manager will pay the purses of both his fighter and the opponent), that Bean's management is still exercising this option after 25 outings indicates a lot.

In fairness to Bean, he has good amateur credentials and may rise to the occasion when finally placed in front of a live body. We'll see.

Freddy Ladd (36-0 with 26 kayos): A definite killer record and a nickname to match ("Fatal Freddy"), but the most you'll get out of Tennessee boxing people on their local hope is, "Not bad," or "He's okay." Ladd is not a big puncher, nor does he possess great boxing skills. But smart management and steady activity have resulted in the record of a terror.

Promoted by Don King, Ladd will no doubt be tested against another King-promoted welterweight or junior welterweight. But when? Thus far, the only familiar name on his record is Darryl Tyson, whom he outpointed in September 1995.

Luciano Torres (43-1 with 27 kayos): Torres' nickname is *"El Tuto Duro."* In his native Portuguese, that means "totally hard." But the Brazilian's ring history is filled with opponents who have been totally soft.

The record of the WBA's top-rated super middleweight is littered with U.S. opponent-types like Robert Curry, Jo Jo Harris, and Reggie Strickland, all of whom took Torres 10 rounds. After Harris went the distance with the Brazilian in 1993, he

stayed on as Torres' sparring partner and has boxed him three more times.

Torres makes a comfortable living boxing in his hometown of Recife, where he earns more in sponsorship money from Texaco than his U.S. opponents take home in purses. Despite being a grade-school dropout, the immensely popular Torres has secured a seat in the city government. Many Brazilian observers feel he should be happy with what he's got and forget about exposing himself against WBA champion Frankie Liles.

In Torres' only bout of note, he was stopped in one round by Yori Boy Campas.

Ralph "Tiger" Jones (29-1 with 21 kayos): Jones can fight some, but most see a solid pro rather than a promising contender.

Mike Acri handles Jones, and with the promoter's cozy relationship with the USA Network's *Tuesday Night Fights* (Acri also guides TNF staples Hector Camacho and Roberto Duran), the welterweight has faced carefully selected opposition—and nothing resembling a contender. Jones is also in capable hands in the gym, with the recently hired Rich Giachetti in charge. Giachetti recommended that Jones turn down a recent opportunity to fight WBC 147-pound champion Pernell Whitaker. Jones will likely secure a title shot someday, but despite his glittering record, his biggest hits will continue to come at the Triple-A level. ■

Juan LaPorte

(Continued from page 31)

penalized one point for low blows in round eight and another point for using his elbows in round 14. He still managed to pull out a close unanimous decision. The scores: 144-141, 144-142, and 145-143.

"Pedroza was the dirtiest fighter I ever fought. What a bad fight that was. The guy got away with all those dirty tactics. He had six warnings in the fight. Nobody gets six warnings. I couldn't tell you how many specific low blows were committed, but there were 59 fouls total. We watched the tape afterward and counted. Every time I had him hurt, he hit me low or hit me behind the head, or he'd hit me in the kidneys. The ref [Guy Jutras] wasn't doing anything. It was hard for me. I was fighting him and the ref at the same time. It took me completely out of my game plan. I wanted to counter him over his jab because he dropped his left hand a lot. And I did it with counter rights. But every time I did that, he'd hit me low or grab me.

"That fight took a lot out of me. It took me a while to get back into the gym. For years, I think I felt those kidney shots. If I really think about it, I can still feel them. I had no respect for him. I thought I was the better man. I didn't think he was stronger than me. I thought he was ready to be taken."

•LaPorte put his title on the line against **Wilfredo Gomez** on March 31, 1984, at Roberto Clemente Coliseum in Hato Rey, Puerto Rico. It was LaPorte's third defense. Gomez, the former long-reigning WBC 122-pound champion, was 23. At 40-1-1 (39), he was considered the most dangerous puncher in boxing. His lone loss had come vs. Sanchez. The action was heated early, with LaPorte boxing well over the first six rounds. But in the second half of the fight, Gomez began to take over. LaPorte spent too much time on the ropes, and Gomez, a master boxer-puncher, copped a one-sided unanimous decision by scores of 118-110, 117-111, and 119-113.

"They called the fight the Civil War because we were both from Puerto Rico. I was born there and he was born there, but only he still lived there. That was one of the biggest fights they ever had in Puerto Rico. Two stadiums were full. The fight was in Roberto Clemente Coliseum and it was sold out. There was another ballpark next door where they showed the fight on a movie screen, and that was sold out, too.

"That was the worst fight of my life. I overtrained. I left it all in the gym. I had nothing against Gomez. It was the most frustrating moment in my life. Nothing came out right. If I was right, I would have hurt him. He's not a strong guy. I was stronger than him. I wasn't worried about his power. His punches didn't do anything to me. I just couldn't get my punches off.

"I hated Gomez. I wanted him so badly. That's why I overtrained. Gomez is a rude person. He was nasty to kids. When kids would ask him for an autograph, I'd see him say no. He also talked trash to his opponents. But he couldn't intimidate me. Some of his fans made me feel like I was the outsider. But I was born in Puerto Rico, and everywhere I went I carried my flag. A lot of people wanted me to win."

•LaPorte met **Barry McGuigan** on February 23, 1985, in Belfast, Northern Ireland. The fight took place on McGuigan's 24th birthday. He was 24-1 (22), and the reigning British and European featherweight champion. McGuigan entered the fight with 18 consecutive knockout wins. LaPorte, 25, was engaging in his 31st fight. Four months later, McGuigan stopped WBA champion Pedroza's consecutive title defense streak at 19 by scoring a unanimous decision victory.

"At the time, McGuigan was still up-and-coming, and I thought I had a good chance of knocking him out. When I got there he was in very good shape, and he frustrated me enough to lose the fight. I knew if I didn't knock him out, I wouldn't get the decision. The only judge was the referee [Harry Gibbs, who scored 6-2-2 in rounds for McGuigan], and they stopped the fight seven seconds early in the 10th round. Play back the tape and time it. It's seven seconds short. I had him hurt in the last round, and one of his cornermen jumped into the ring and grabbed him. Right after that they rang the bell, and the next thing I knew the ref was raising his hand.

"I didn't think too much of McGuigan. He got hit too much, and I knew he would be a bleeder. I didn't think fighting outside of his own country he'd do too good. Over there, he had things his way."

•After two wins at 130 pounds, LaPorte earned the right to challenge WBC super featherweight champion **Julio Cesar Chavez**, 53-0 (44). It was Chavez' seventh title defense. The fight, held at Madison Square Garden on December 12, 1986, was a thrilling affair. With the crowd going wild, the combatants went toe-to-toe over the final 60 seconds of the last round. The scores: 115-114, 114-113, and 117-112, all for Chavez.

"I thought I pulled that fight out. To me, I saw the fight 6-1-5 in rounds. I thought I won. I thought I won six rounds clearly. But that's the way it goes. In my own place, the Garden, I couldn't even get the decision. I had never lost in the Garden before that. I think they robbed me because Chavez was with Don King.

"Chavez was a good fighter, but I was

up for him. I accepted the fight late and I trained only three weeks. But I really wanted to fight him, and I didn't even think twice about taking it. I trained at Fort Bragg in North Carolina. I knew he was a banger and a left hooker. I trained so that every time he came with a hook, I'd hit him with a counter. When he was throwing the hook, I'd him hit with my hook or a counter right.

"We were both bleeding. It was a rough fight for both of us. But what I found out later is that I should have boxed him. I should have backed him up with the jab. When I backed him up, he couldn't handle it. He couldn't fight going backwards. But I stayed on the inside with him and traded with him. That was his fight. But it was my fight, too. I liked it on the inside. I held my own there. But I should have just boxed him. You know, you want to show your pride. He doesn't want to back up. I didn't want to run from him.

"Chavez was such a good technician. And he had a very good chin. I hit him with some shots. I'd like to bet he couldn't eat for a couple of days. But he took my shots."

•LaPorte challenged WBC super featherweight champion **Azumah Nelson** on October 13, 1990, in Sydney, Australia. The challenger was one month shy of his 31st birthday. The 32-year-old Nelson, 32-2 (24), was making his fifth defense. A sure Hall of Famer, he is currently enjoying his second reign as WBC 130-pound titlist.

"They call him 'The Professor,' but fighting Nelson was like fighting a young kid. He didn't do anything to me. I expected a tough fight, to come out all banged up. I hit him and right away I hurt him. So he ran all night. He just threw punches at the air. I wasn't marked after the fight.

"Jeff Fenech just signed with Don King, and they wanted Fenech to win his fourth world title. We were being screened to fight Fenech. I was supposed to fight Fenech twice in Australia, but pulled out twice. They were watching me and Azumah, and they were going to take the weaker of the two. So Azumah got the decision. [Nelson subsequently drew with Fenech and, in their rematch, knocked him out.] Deep inside, Azumah knows he got beat. He's a man, and deep inside he knows it."

The Best of the Best: "The best boxer of them all was Salvador Sanchez. He was in great condition, he was a great counter-puncher. He was quick. He was so smooth in the ring. Everything he did was smooth. He had it all. He was going to be a big, big star without that tragedy.

"As far as the guy who hit me the hardest, I don't even know. A few guys I fought were pretty good bangers. I'll tell you this: The fight that I felt it the most was against the kid, Kostya Tszyu. He hit me a shot to the body early, and I looked at Emile Griffith in my corner and said, 'Oh, s___.' I felt it when he hit me. He was strong. Very strong. I asked to fight him again when I was in better shape and they turned me down." ■

Dick Tiger

(Continued from page 33)

one of Tiger's mentors, recalls having facilitated the fighter's move to the Western Regional capital of Ibadan in 1954. Tiger worked as a night watchman at the nationally owned sports stadium to supplement his meager ring earnings. In 1955, Tiger moved to England, where he was given his fighting name. The British couldn't help but be impressed by the ferocity with which he mauled his opponents.

Early in his pro career, Tiger was victimized by several unfair decisions that may or may not have been the result of racism. At one point, he lost four consecutive fights on points. Nonetheless, he couldn't be denied for long, and in 1958, he won the British Empire middleweight title. By 1960, when Nigeria attained its independence from Britain, he had begun his rise to world-class status. Among his victims were Joey Giardello, Yolande Pompey, Holly Mims, Wilf Greaves, and Randy Sandy. But while Tiger gained international prominence and respect, the bold stand he made at a crucial crossroads in the political life of his country cost him dearly at home.

Tiger became a symbol of national pride for the new Nigerian nation in 1962, when, at age 33, he won the WBA middleweight title by outpointing Gene Fullmer in San Francisco. Even before the decision was announced, the Nigerians in attendance, including Hogan "Kid" Bassey, the nation's first world champion, lifted Tiger onto their shoulders in ring-center.

The 5'8" Tiger made his first defense in February 1963, keeping the title by 15-round draw against Fullmer, but leaving doubts about his supremacy over the former titlist. Those doubts were erased in August of the same year, when Tiger stopped Fullmer, who surrendered after six bloody, one-sided rounds in Ibadan. (It was the last bout of Fullmer's career.) The victory further boosted Tiger's status as a national hero.

"It was pandemonium that night at Liberty Stadium, Ibadan," noted Lloyd Garrison, writing some years later in The *New York Times*. "Everyone who counted [in the country] was at ringside." Among those in attendance was the country's ceremonial president, Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe. The fight was arranged by Jack Solomons, the legendary British promoter of the '50s and '60s.

Contacted by THE RING, Fullmer said, "If I was gonna lose to somebody, I can't think of anyone I would rather have lost to than Tiger. He was a very courageous fighter, and as cordial a man as anyone I've ever met. When I fought him in Nigeria, he was gracious, and I was treated as well as anywhere else I ever fought—and maybe better.

"Whenever I'm asked about the best fighters I ever faced, I always put Tiger right up there."

To cap Tiger's achievements, and in recognition of his international popularity, the British government awarded him membership in the Order of the British Empire (OBE). However, in December '63, only four months after his win over Fullmer in Ibadan, Tiger lost the title to Giardello in Atlantic City. Paul Cavalier, the referee and sole judge, ruled in favor of the more fleet-footed and sharpshooting challenger.

Over the next 22 months, Tiger, hoping to secure a return vs. Giardello, had to reestablish himself against the leading contenders of the day. In October 1964, he knocked out Jose Gonzalez. In March 1965, he stopped roly poly Argentine Rocky Rivero. And two months later, he scored three knockdowns en route to a decision victory over the highly rated Hurricane Carter. All three bouts were held at Madison Square Garden.

Tiger was rewarded with another title

shot, and he reclaimed the world title from Giardello in October 1965. This time, his heavier punching secured a points victory.

Asked to recall his memories of his rival, Giardello told THE RING, "He was one of the best. I know because I fought him four times. I was one of the first guys he fought when he came over from England [in 1959]. I didn't think much of him. I didn't really train that hard, and he beat me. He was a very strong guy. And a gentleman. One thing I always remember about him: If you hit him low, he didn't complain about it like the fighters of today. He was a real professional."

Like Fullmer, Giardello asked, "Has it really been 25 years since his death?"

In April 1966, welterweight champion Emile Griffith outpointed Tiger, stripping him of the middleweight crown. About the same time, the political situation in Nigeria was changing drastically, with developments leading to a bloody three-year civil war that would significantly affect Tiger's life. For although his fighting bases were in Europe and America, Tiger's roots remained firmly planted in his Eastern Nigerian homeland of Aba. He and his wife Abigail had raised a family of eight children, and he had invested considerable portions of his earnings in real estate in the federal capital of Lagos.

The political turmoil in Nigeria had its genesis in a military coup in January 1966, spearheaded by officers of Tiger's tribal group, the Igbos, from the predominantly Christian South Eastern Region. Nigeria's civilian government, which had been inaugurated following the end of British colonial rule in October 1960, was violently overthrown. The prime minister, Sir Tafawa Balewa, and many prominent political figures of Northern Nigerian origin were brutally assassinated. Thus, the hope that Nigeria would emerge as one of the more stable of the world's new nations was shattered. The coup set in motion a chain of domestic violence that in time would escalate into pogroms and massacres, and then into a full-scale civil war.

In July 1966, a counter coup was launched by the Northern elements in a reprisal targeted mainly against the Igbos of the East for the role they had played in the first coup. During the following weeks and months, attacks were made against the tribal group, followed by the destruction and looting of assets and properties of many of its members who had settled outside their home regions. Tiger, formerly a symbol of Nigeria's national pride, technically became a traitor when, in good conscience, he later identified with and elected to fight alongside his Igbo kinsmen.

So charged were the emotions that even three decades after the end of the hostilities, Chief Balogun, who had been a staunch Federalist at the time of the crisis, still finds the fighter's decision abhorrent. "Tiger ruined himself," the Chief stated with indignation when interviewed by THE RING. "He committed treason by joining in the Biafran rebellion, ignoring the counseling we gave him. Had he been wiser and not involved himself in the futile parochial cause, his life story would most certainly have been more glorious."

Before getting caught up in the civil war, Tiger further uplifted his international record by becoming only the second middleweight champion to win the light heavyweight title. (The first was Bob Fitzsimmons.) In December 1966, barely six months after losing the 160-pound crown to Griffith, Tiger, 37, dethroned 175-pound world champion Jose Torres at Madison Square Garden. A 3-1 underdog, Tiger spotted the champion eight pounds and, over the course of 15 rounds, fought far more aggressively, winning by unanimous decision.

Back in Tiger's homeland, the civil crisis had by then escalated into full-blown warfare. It was to last from 1967 to 1970. Following unabated attacks on Tiger's Igbo kinsmen in areas outside their domain, a mass exodus of the tribe began, with hundreds of thousands of its nine million members fleeing back to their home region in the east.

In May 1967, the Eastern Nigerian Military Government declared secession from the Nigerian Federation and proclaimed the region the independent republic of Biafra. In the same month that Tiger retained the world light heavyweight title with a split 15-round decision over Torres, he was faced with the option of joining his rebel tribesmen and becoming an enemy of the Nigerian Federation or pledging solidarity with the government and turning his back on his people.

Tiger could have just as easily stood aside and pleaded neutrality or ignored the crisis while safely sojourning abroad. However, as more and more massacres of Igbos flared up in various parts of the North and South Western parts of the country, his conscience beckoned him to take a stand and be counted among his kith and kin. He witnessed first-hand the physical destruction and carnage wreaked on Owerri, one of the several towns and villages of his home region where bombs were dropped indiscriminately by Nigerian Air Force fighter planes. Tiger therefore considered it only honorable to enlist in the Biafran army and join his tribesmen in their struggle for what they considered their collective survival. Like a true patriot, he put his people first, above his self-interest.

Meanwhile, Tiger would make one more successful defense of the light heavyweight title, stopping Roger Rouse in the 12th round in Las Vegas. The bout came in November 1967. Two months later, he announced his having enlisted in the Biafran army to the world press. He proudly displayed his olive green military uniform with its lieutenant's markings and ris-

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ing sun shoulder band to The *New York Times'* Garrison, who visited him in the Biafran stronghold of Port Harcourt. Asked why he had joined the army, Tiger responded, "I've never been afraid to fight in the ring, and I'm not afraid to fight for my country."

Despite the obvious fact that he need not see actual combat and could serve well as a morale booster for the Biafran troops and an international public relations functionary for their cause, he expressed his readiness to go to the front if needed.

In May 1968, the 39-year-old Tiger, scaling only 168 pounds, defended the light heavyweight title against the 29-year-old, 6'3" Bob Foster, who enjoyed a 7½-inch advantage in reach. A 12-5 underdog, Tiger acquitted himself creditably in the first round. In the second and third, Foster bombarded the champion with jarring jabs. In the fourth, a chopping hook landed flush on Tiger's chin, and a vicious right uppercut followed. Tiger went down and was counted out. It was the only kayo loss of his 18-year, 84-bout career. As humble in defeat as he had always been in victory, he praised and credited Foster, then vowed to fight on.

As the Nigerian civil war raged on from 1968 through '69, Tiger shuttled between his war-torn homeland and the Western world, flying circuitous air routes to evade the Nigerian authorities while plying his trade. Though he would never again engage in a world title fight, he still had a number of major victories to score.

In October 1968, five months after losing the title to Foster, Tiger and Frankie DePaula duked it out in a wild and savage battle in New York City. The fighters each scored two knockdowns in the first four rounds before Tiger roared ahead and ultimately outpointed his opponent over 10 rounds. The action-packed duel was designated Fight of the Year by THE RING.

In May 1969, Tiger decisioned world middleweight champion Nino Benvenuti in a non-title bout. And six months after that, the 40-year-old former champion gained recognition as number-one challenger by outscoring Andy Kendall.

It was also in 1969 that in protest against British military support of Nigeria in the ongoing war, Tiger returned the OBE award to the British embassy in Washington, D.C. Writing in December 1971, Phil Pepe of the New York *Daily News* quoted Tiger's rationale. He couldn't keep the medal, Tiger had said, "because every time I look at it, I think of the millions of men, women, and children who are dying" in the Nigerian-Biafran war.

Tiger, Africa's first multiple world champion, had his last fight in July 1970, a month short of his 41st birthday. He lost on points to Griffith. By this time the civil war had ended, with the secessionist Biafrans having been completely overrun by the Nigerian Federal forces. During the war, Tiger had remained loyal to the cause of his kinsmen, and as the rebel leaders capitulated, he faced the reality of the situation without remorse or bitterness. His real estate investments in Lagos, estimated by him at $103,000, had either been requisitioned or confiscated by the federal authorities. Yet, as Tiger told the *New York Times* just before the second Griffith fight, "Now it's all Nigeria again. Now that the war is over, I am from Nigeria again. After this fight, I hope to go home again to see my family."

After the loss to Griffith, Tiger chose not to be relegated to trialhorse status. He announced his retirement in early-1971. His final record: 61-17-3 (26). Desperate for income, he worked briefly as a security guard at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Having worked as a watchman in the early-'50s, he had traveled full-circle.

In July 1971, Tiger was hospitalized in New York, during which doctors diagnosed cancer of the liver. The man who had refused to forsake his people in their time of need decided to return home to die among them. On December 14, 1971, Tiger, 42, a three-time world champion, died in Aba, near his birthplace of Amaigbo, Orlu. He was virtually penniless, but he passed in the arms of family and loved ones.

After Tiger's death, Jersey Jones, his American manager, estimated that the champion had earned about half-a-million dollars during his 18-year ring career. This was by no means a meager sum by the standards of the day, and it rated as a most handsome, if not stupendous, fortune in Tiger's homeland, where the economy receded severely in the decades following his death. All of Tiger's money was lost during the war. But he never complained, citing that he wasn't the only one who had lost everything.

Tiger's legacy was much more than his fighting record, which remains unsurpassed by any other African pugilist a quarter-century after his retirement. He was able to ensure the education of his children, one of whom is presently a practicing lawyer in Nigeria. Throughout his fighting prime, he sent money and gifts home to his family and even as his earnings grew, he was known to have lived very frugally abroad.

After Tiger's death, the tributes from the boxing community flowed. Teddy Brenner, then the matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, said, "Tiger could have held his own with any [fighter] in any era: the Robinsons, the LaMottas, the Grebs, and the Mickey Walkers." In the encyclopedic *Pictorial History Of Boxing*, THE RING publisher and editor Nat Fleischer described Tiger as "one of boxing's best-liked heroes." He was portrayed as "sincere, modest, affable, and gentlemanly ... a man of conscience."

Even Chief Balogun, who had grave misgivings over the fighter's insistence on joining in the ill-fated Biafran campaign, and who severed all relations with Tiger following that decision, expresses nothing but respect. "No matter our differences," he said, "I will always fly the Tiger's kite. He was a truly great fighter and a good and selfless man. His memory is one I will cherish until the day I die."

Tiger continues to rank highly in a professional sense as well. In rating the 40 middleweight titlists between 1884 and 1980, THE RING placed Tiger sixth, behind only Sugar Ray Robinson, Carlos Monzon, Stanley Ketchel, Griffith, and Harry Greb. He was twice named Fighter of the Year by both the Boxing Writers Association and THE RING, and in the April 1996 issue of this magazine, he was placed first on an all-time top-10 list of African fighters.

Boxing will never forget Dick Tiger. What is left to be done is for the Nigerian government to rehabilitate his image by establishing in his homeland an enduring and befitting monument to his memory. The Nigerian civil war is long over. In completing the healing process of the wounds suffered by millions of innocent souls, Tiger ought to be paid the final dues that he so richly deserves. ■

Adedamola Ifaturoti, who, like Tiger, is a Nigerian, is The Ring's correspondent for Africa.

BOXING COLLECTOR'S NOTEBOOK

By Don Scott

By now I'm sure you're all aware of the controversy regarding sports autographs. Some so-called experts say that as much as half to two-thirds of sports autographs are fake. (They're usually talking about baseball autographs.) If this is true, then buying any autograph is foolhardy. But collecting autographs—particularly boxing autographs—is a lot of fun, and there are relatively safe ways to stay in the hobby.

First, buy from a dealer you trust. This is excellent advice, but there are still big problems, among them the tendency for everyone who owns an autograph to believe his is legit. That means that loops and letters in a signature that would ordinarily cause one to question the authenticity of an autograph are often overlooked after you buy it. This is true of dealers as well as collectors. The difference is that a dealer should be much more skeptical. But what if a person offers a dealer a signed 8x10 of Rocky Marciano for $100? The dealer knows he can make $400 or more off the piece. That dealer may, then, forgive some inconsistencies in the signature.

So I recommend that you deal exclusively with the relatively small number of dealers who specialize in boxing memorabilia, especially autographs. I further recommend you get either a legitimate autograph to compare to the piece in question or consult another collector or dealer for an opinion. I will help you if you need an opinion about the legitimacy of a signature. Please understand it is only my opinion. I do not claim expert status. Just send me, care of THE RING, a clear photocopy of the signature with a self-addressed stamped envelope. Please do not send more than two items.

Watch for dealer ploys that are supposed to make you feel comfortable with the sale. Some dealers, for instance, guarantee their autographs "for life." But it's hard to nail down exactly what that means. Whose life? Yours? Theirs? Another dealer ploy is to issue you a certificate of authenticity. What does this prove? Only that the dealer believed the signature was authentic when he sold it to you. What does one need a certificate for if a sales receipt is available? No business should have to issue a certificate of authenticity for *any* of its wares. Everything should be legitimate without anyone asking. What would be worth something is a signed statement of where and from whom the dealer secured the piece. It might not prove anything, but at least it would be a sign that you're doing some homework.

Always try to do as much research as possible. More than once I've heard, "My father got this in person from Joe Louis," only to see Louis spelled "Lewis." I have also been offered a "Max Bear" and a "Jack Depsey." It happens. But there are clues to the age of photos, at least on vintage stuff, and the dealer's story may have other details that can be checked out. Whatever you do, do not rely on the story alone without independent verification of the legitimacy of the signature.

One of the most common mistakes in purchasing autographs is finding a vintage photo and assuming, solely because the photo is old and the writing is in longhand, that the autograph is legitimate. There are thousands of photos out there where some old-time collector simply scribbled the fighter's name on the front for identification purposes. In general, uninscribed photos (an inscription being "To Bob," for example) are more desirable. At the same time, uninscribed signatures are much less apt to be accepted as legit because of the possibility of a collector having done the signing.

Once you buy an autograph or obtain one in person, make sure to record how and where you got it.

Be leery of certain signatures that have been forged, including "autographs" of Rocky Marciano, Joe Louis, Sonny Liston, Jersey Joe Walcott, and Sugar Ray Robinson. When these fighters were still alive, it is believed that people were answering autograph requests by signing the fighters' names.

Just how serious can all this get? Recently, the FBI has reportedly begun investigating the forgery of some "Champions Forever" posters. Featured on these posters are most of the living heavyweight champions, including Muhammad Ali. Someone apparently forged signatures on hundreds of them. This same person allegedly forged some Louis, Liston, Ezzard Charles, Jack Johnson, and Tommy Burns items, then passed them off to a New York card dealer who was duped as well.

In other words, buyer beware. ■

Don Scott is editor and publisher of ***Boxing Collectors' News*** *and may be contacted through* THE RING.

WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by THE RING are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the WBC ratings were compiled as of September 1996, and the IBF and WBA ratings as of August 1996.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Mike Tyson (USA)	C	1	–
Bruce Seldon (USA)	–	C	–
Michael Moorer (USA)	–	–	C
Lennox Lewis (GB)	1	7	6
Oliver McCall (USA)	2	2	2
Zeljko Mavrovic (CROA)	3	11	–
Larry Donald (USA)	4	–	–
Frank Bruno (GB)	5	8	7
Ray Mercer (USA)	6	–	–
Evander Holyfield (USA)	7	4	–
Andrew Golota (POL)	8	10	8
Orlin Norris (USA)	9	3	5
Tony Tucker (USA)	10	5	–
Vaughn Bean (USA)	14	6	4
Crawford Grimsley (USA)	–	9	–
Francois Botha (SA)	–	–	1
Corrie Sanders (SA)	12	–	3
Buster Mathis Jr. (USA)	26	–	9
Obed Sullivan (USA)	18	–	10

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Marcelo Dominguez (ARG)	C	–	–
Nate Miller (USA)	–	C	–
Vacant	–	–	C
Alexander Gurov (UKR)	1	1	4
Akim Tafer (FRA)	2	4	10
Robert Daniels (USA)	3	3	–
Terry Dunstan (GB)	4	10	8
David Izeqwire (NIG)	5	–	7
Gary Ballard (SA)	6	–	–
Jacob Mofokeng (SA)	7	–	3
Patrice Aouissi (FRA)	8	–	–
Chris Okoh (GB)	9	–	9
Ezequiel Paixao (BRA)	10	2	–
Brian LaSpada (USA)	14	5	–
Rick Lamontagne (USA)	23	6	–
Torsten May (GER)	–	7	2
Arimetea Silva (BRA)	–	8	–
Saul Montana (DR)	16	9	12
Adolpho Washington (USA)	–	–	1
Uriah Grant (USA)	25	–	5
Arthur Williams (USA)	–	–	6

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	C	–	–
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	C	–
Henry Maske (GER)	–	–	C
Montell Griffin (USA)	1	3	2
Mike McCallum (USA)	2	8	4
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	3	1	10
William Guthrie (USA)	4	2	1
Crawford Ashley (GB)	5	–	7
Nicky Piper (GB)	6	–	–
Merqui Sosa (DR)	7	11	–
Lincoln Carter (USA)	8	–	11
Richard Frazier (USA)	9	–	–
Mark Prince (GB)	10	–	–
Michael Nunn (USA)	–	4	–
Lou Del Valle (USA)	24	5	6
Gary Ballard (SA)	–	6	–
Leif Keiski (SWE)	28	7	–
Darrin Allen (USA)	–	9	3
Gavin Ryan (THAI)	–	10	–
Duran Williams (USA)	–	–	5
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	–	–	8
Stephan Anghern (SWI)	–	–	9

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Vincenzo Nardiello (ITA)	C	–	–
Frank Liles (USA)	–	C	–
Roy Jones (USA)	–	–	C
Henry Wharton (GB)	1	3	5
Thulane Malinga (SA)	2	–	–
Luciano Torres (BRA)	3	1	11
Frederic Seillier (FRA)	4	2	7
Michael Nunn (USA)	5	–	–
Joe Calzaghe (GB)	6	11	6
Andrei Shkalikov (RUS)	7	–	9
Steve Little (USA)	8	–	10
Robin Reid (GB)	9	9	–
Chris Omar Johnson (USA)	10	–	–
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	23	4	8
Mike Makata (NZ)	–	5	–
Bryant Brannon (USA)	–	6	1
Tim Littles (USA)	–	7	–
Anthony Andrews (GUY)	–	8	–
Frank Nicotra (FRA)	–	10	–
Charles Brewer (USA)	15	–	2
Gary Ballard (SA)	–	–	3
Segundo Mercado (ECU)	26	–	4

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Keith Holmes (USA)	C	–	–
William Joppy (USA)	–	C	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	–	–	C
Richie Woodhall (GB)	1	–	7
Otis Grant (CAN)	2	6	–
Quincy Taylor (USA)	3	–	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	4	4	–
John David Jackson (USA)	5	1	1
Julian Jackson (USA)	6	–	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	7	–	3
Alexander Zaitsev (RUS)	8	–	5
Stephane Ouellette (CAN)	9	–	–
Chongmo Kim (KOR)	10	–	–
Peter Venancio (BRA)	20	2	–
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	–	3	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	–	5	6
Glen Johnson (USA)	–	7	8
Anthony Stephens (USA)	–	8	–
Derrick Rolon (USA)	–	9	11
Fabian Chancalay (ARG)	23	10	–
Robert Allen (USA)	24	–	2
Lloyd Bryan (USA)	30	–	4
Juan Carlos Viloria (COL)	26	–	9
Yoshinari Nishizawa (JAP)	–	–	10

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	–	C
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	–	C	5
Carl Daniels (USA)	1	1	2
Raul Marquez (USA)	2	5	1
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	3	–	–
Ahmed Dottuev (BALK)	4	–	–
David Ciarlante (ITA)	5	–	–
Faouzi Hattab (FRA)	6	–	–
Ernie Artango (AUSTRL)	7	–	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	8	–	–
Alex Rios (USA)	9	–	–
Said Bennajem (FRA)	10	–	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	–	2	–
Alejandro Ugueto (VEN)	–	3	–
Giovanni Pretorious (SA)	–	4	3
Johnson Tshuma (SA)	–	6	–
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	–	7	–
Guillermo Jones (PAN)	–	8	10
Javier Castillejo (SPA)	16	9	–
Engels Pedroza (VEN)	19	10	–
Anthony Stephens (USA)	12	–	4
Steve Foster (GB)	–	–	6
Alex Rios (USA)	–	–	7
Adrian Dodson (GB)	18	–	8
Rossman Henry (COL)	–	–	9

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	1	3	3
Patrick Charpentier (FRA)	2	4	2
Derrell Coley (USA)	3	6	8
Pedro Sanchez (DR)	4	8	–
Jose Luis Navarro (SPA)	5	–	–
Ralph Jones (USA)	6	11	–
Gary Jacobs (GB)	7	–	–
Robert West (USA)	8	–	–
Andrei Pestryaev (RUS)	9	2	–
Hiroyuki Yoshino (JAP)	10	–	–
Oba Carr (USA)	–	1	1
Sean Sullivan (NZ)	–	5	–
Andrew Murray (GUY)	–	7	6
Juan Negron (PR)	–	9	10
Jeff Malcolm (AUSTRL)	–	10	–
Vincent Pettway (USA)	–	–	4
Hitonon Sato (JAP)	–	–	5

Tony Martin (USA)	–	–	7
Ray Lovato (USA)	–	12	9

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Oscar De La Hoya (USA)	C	–	–
Frankie Randall (USA)	–	C	–
Kostya Tszyu (AUSTRL)	–	–	C
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	1	–	–
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	2	2	–
Ismael Chaves (ARG)	3	–	–
Khalid Rahilou (FRA)	4	1	–
Charles Murray (USA)	5	6	7
Soren Sondergaard (DEN)	6	–	4
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	7	7	3
Rafael Ruelas (MEX)	8	–	–
Freddie Ladd (USA)	9	–	–
Jong Hoon Yuh (KOR)	10	–	–
Jose Barbosa (VEN)	13	3	–
Juan Coggi (ARG)	–	4	–
David Kamau (USA)	12	5	9
Jan Bergman (SA)	–	8	1
Hiromu Kuwata (JAP)	22	9	–
Nicolas Cervera (COL)	15	10	–
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	–	–	2
Jermal Corbin (USA)	–	–	5
Virgil McClendon (USA)	–	–	6
Ralph Jones (USA)	–	–	8
Leonardo Mas (PR)	28	–	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jean-Baptiste Mendy (FRA)	C	–	–
Orzubek Nazarov (JAP)	–	C	–
Philip Holiday (SA)	–	–	C
Steve Johnston (USA)	1	4	6
Cesar Bazan (MEX)	2	–	–
Angel Mona (FRA)	3	2	–
Ivan Robinson (USA)	4	6	1
Shane Mosley (USA)	5	12	–
Lamar Murphy (USA)	6	–	–
Hiroyuki Sakamoto (JAP)	7	5	12
Ricardo Silva (ARG)	8	–	–
David Dodi Tetteh (GHA)	9	11	–
Manuel Fernandez (FRA)	10	–	–
Leavander Johnson (USA)	–	1	9
Fred Ladd (USA)	–	3	2
Adrianus Taroreh (INDO)	–	7	–
Carlos Fernandez (PORT)	–	8	–
Oleg Marchenko (RUS)	–	9	–
Alberto Sicurella (ARG)	11	10	–
Demetrius Ceballos (USA)	24	–	3
Miguel Julio (COL)	–	–	4
Eduardo Morales (ARG)	–	–	5
Joel Perez (USA)	–	–	7
Billy Schwer (GB)	16	–	8
Joel Diaz (USA)	–	–	10

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	–	–
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	–	C	–
Arturo Gatti (USA)	–	–	C
Anatoly Alexandrov (RUS)	1	2	4
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	2	–	–
Robert Garcia (USA)	3	6	2
Ulrich Johnson (TRIN)	4	11	–
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	5	–	–
Boris Sinitsin (RUS)	6	–	5
Djamel Lifa (FRA)	7	7	8
Julien Lorcy (FRA)	8	1	–
Jorge Paez (MEX)	9	–	–
Takanori Hatakeyama (JAP)	10	–	10
Carlos Gerena (PR)	–	3	–
Lakva Sim (MON)	–	4	–
Orlando Soto (PAN)	–	5	–
Yamato Mitani (JAP)	–	8	–
Gilberto Gonzalez (VEN)	–	9	–
Douglas Villarreal (COL)	13	10	11
Tracy Patterson (USA)	–	–	1
John Brown (USA)	28	–	3
Jaime Rangel (COL)	–	–	6
Cliff Samardin (AUSTRL)	–	–	7
Wilson Rodriguez (DR)	–	–	9

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	C	–	–
Wilfredo Vazquez (PR)	–	C	–
Tom Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Carlos Rios (ARG)	1	2	10
Cesar Soto (MEX)	2	–	–
Billy Hardy (GB)	3	4	4
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	4	1	11
Alejandro Gonzalez (MEX)	5	–	–
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	6	–	1
Jesus Chavez (USA)	7	–	–
David Santos (USA)	8	3	3
Noboyuki Hiranaka (JAP)	9	–	–
Samuel Duran (PHIL)	10	–	–
Ever Beleno (COL)	14	5	7
Roque Cassiani (COL)	–	6	–
Tony Wehbe (INDO)	–	7	–
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	–	8	–
Arnulfo Castillo (USA)	–	9	9
Victor Llerena (COL)	21	10	–
Welcome Ncita (SA)	–	–	2
Jose Badillo (PR)	–	11	5
November Ntshingila (AUSTRL)	–	–	6
Victor Polo (COL)	–	–	8

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	C	–	–
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	–	C	–
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	–	–	C
Erik Morales (MEX)	1	4	–
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	2	–	–
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	3	1	8
Hector Acero-Sanchez (DR)	4	–	–
Bong Chul Kim (KOR)	5	6	–
Enrique Jupiter (MEX)	6	–	–
Enrique Sanchez (MEX)	7	8	–
Salim Medjkoune (FRA)	8	5	4
Harold Mestre (COL)	9	–	–
Guty Espadas (MEX)	10	–	–
Yober Ortega (VEN)	–	2	–
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	3	–
Mike Garcia (USA)	–	7	–
Bugiarso (INDO)	–	9	–
Remigio Molina (ARG)	23	10	–
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	16	–	1
Nurhuda (INDO)	–	–	2
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	–	–	3
Jesus Perez (COL)	–	–	5
Rey Jamil (PHIL)	–	–	6
Victor Llerena (COL)	–	–	7
Aristead Clayton (USA)	22	–	9
Jesus Salud (USA)	–	–	10

BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	C	–	–
Sirimongkol Singmanasuk (THAI)	IC	–	–
Nana Konadu (GHA)	–	C	–
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	–	–	C
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	1	–	–
Pastor Maurin (ARG)	2	8	–
In Jin Chi (KOR)	3	–	–
Paul Ayala (USA)	4	6	7
Dario Azuaga (PAR)	5	–	10
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	6	–	–
Khaoyai Mahasarakam (THAI)	7	–	–
Luigi Camputaro (ITA)	8	–	–
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	9	–	–
Li Gwang Sik (KOR)	10	–	–
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	–	1	5
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	–	2	–
Lukhin CP Gym (THAI)	–	3	–
Angel Chacon (PR)	–	4	–
Abraham Torres (VEN)	–	5	–
Tim Austin (USA)	19	7	1
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	–	9	–
Setsuo Kawamasu (JAP)	12	10	–
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	2
Adrian Kaspari (INDO)	22	–	3
Harold Mestre (COL)	–	–	4
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	–	6
Ancee Gedeon (USA)	–	–	8
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	–	11	9

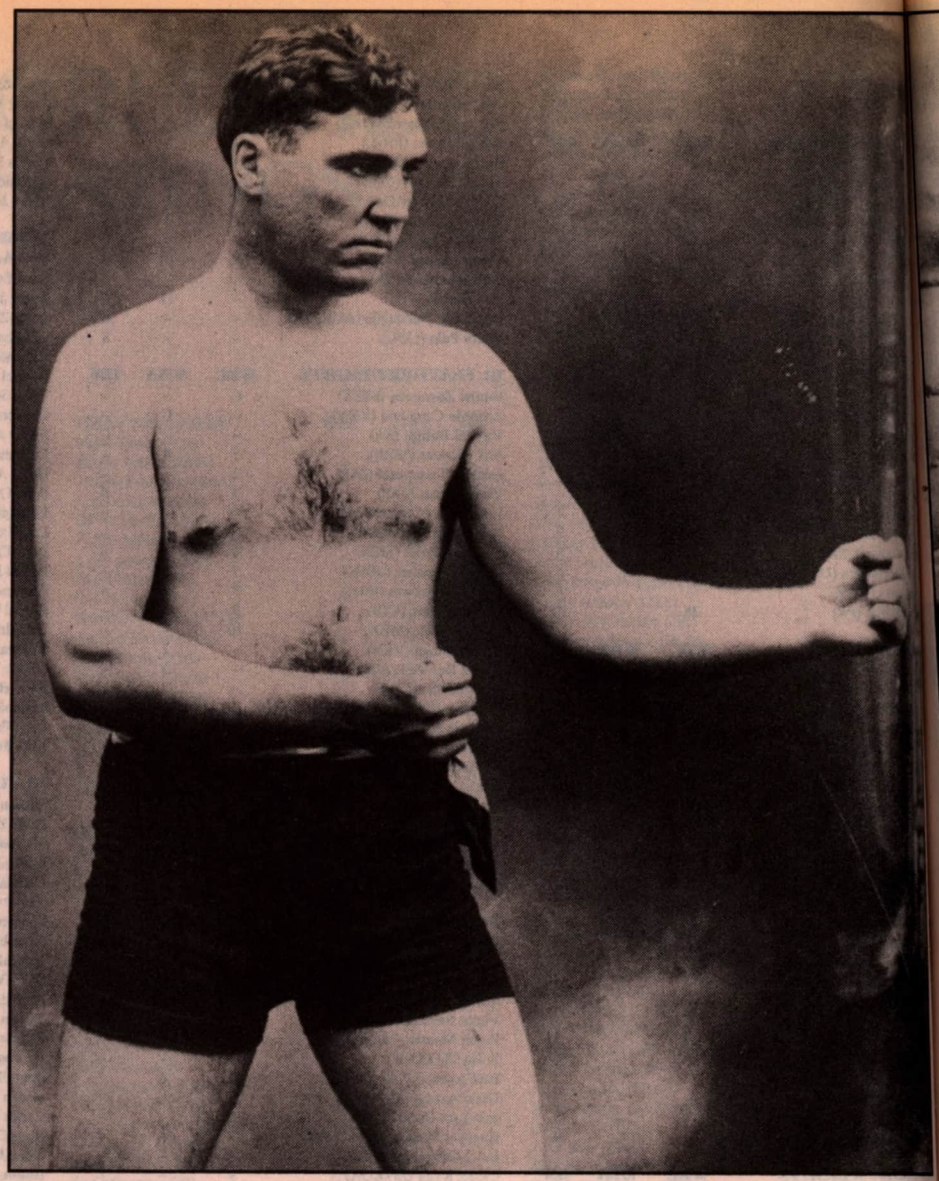
JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	C	–	–
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	–	C	–
Harold Grey (COL)	–	–	C
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	1	3	–
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	2	6	–
Luis Bolanos (COL)	3	4	–
Polo Saucedo (USA)	4	–	9
Cecilio Espino (USA)	5	–	–
Adonis Cruz (NIC)	6	7	–
Luis Benavides (COL)	7	9	10
Domingo Sosa (DR)	8	–	–
Jose Rafael Sosa (ARG)	9	–	–
Jinh Yong Yuh (KOR)	10	–	–
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	11	1	–
Veeraphol Sahaprom (THAI)	12	2	–
Alimi Goitia (VEN)	–	5	–
Satoshi Iida (JAP)	–	8	8
Julio Gamboa (NIC)	–	10	–
Jaji Sibali (SA)	18	–	1
Danny Romero (USA)	–	–	2
Ubadel Soto (COL)	–	–	3
Andy Agosto (PR)	23	11	4
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	–	–	5
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	24	–	6
Ricky Matulessi (INDO)	–	–	7

FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	C	–	–
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	–	C	–
Mark Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	1	4	9
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	2	–	1
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	3	8	10
Gabriel Mira (MEX)	4	–	–
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	5	6	–
Chokchai Chokviwat (THAI)	6	–	–
Jesper Jensen (DEN)	7	11	–
Enrique Orozco (MEX)	8	–	–
Oscar Arciniega (MEX)	9	–	–
Peter Culshaw (GB)	10	–	–
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	–	1	3
Leo Gamez (VEN)	15	2	–
Peter Culshaw (GB)	–	3	–
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	27	5	–
Alexander Mahmutov (RUS)	12	7	–
Daniel Ward (SA)	16	9	–
Takashi Ohba (JAP)	18	10	–
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	–	–	2
Takato Toguchi (JAP)	13	–	4
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	–	–	5
Yodchingchai Sornthong (THAI)	–	–	6
Irene Pacheco (COL)	–	–	7
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	–	–	8

JR. FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	C	–	–
Keiji Yamaguchi (JAP)	–	C	–
Michael Carbajal (USA)	–	–	C
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	1	2	3
Ladislao Vazquez (MEX)	2	–	–
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	3	–	–
Phanieng Sasiprabha-Poontarat (THAI)	4	–	–
Takashi Shiohama (JAP)	5	–	11
Ali Galvez (CHILE)	6	–	–
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	7	–	7
Antonio Perez (MEX)	8	–	–
Yosam Choi (KOR)	9	9	–
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	10	1	6
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	–	3	–
Sinn Ploenchit (THAI)	–	4	–
Hadao C.P. Gym (THAI)	–	5	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	6	–
Jesus Chong (MEX)	–	7	9
Yong Jin Kim (KOR)	23	8	–
Nolito Cobato (JAP)	–	10	–
Mauricio Pastrana (COL)	26	–	1
P.S. Wonjongkam (THAI)	–	–	2
Luis Doria (COL)	20	–	4
Anis Roga (INDO)	–	–	5
Onewin Chareon (THAI)	–	–	8
Will Grigsby (USA)	–	–	10

STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	–	–
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	–	C	–
Ratanapol Voraphin (THAI)	–	–	C
Rocky Lin (JAP)	1	3	–
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	2	1	–
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	3	6	–
Sinn Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	4	–	–
Morgan Ndumo (SA)	5	–	8
Hyung Sok Kang (KOR)	6	–	–
Sang Chul Lee (KOR)	7	–	–
Myung Sup Park (KOR)	8	–	–
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	9	2	–
Toto Pow Phongsawang (THAI)	10	–	–
Noel Tunacao (INDO)	–	4	–
Kermin Guardia (COL)	–	5	–
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	13	7	3
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	–	8	–
Javier Medina (NIC)	–	9	–
Takashi Shohama (JAP)	–	10	–
Osvaldo Guerrero (MEX)	–	–	1
Juan Herrera (COL)	19	–	2
Mongol Charoen (THAI)	–	–	4
Ernesto Rubillar (PHIL)	–	–	5
Wondee Charoen (THAI)	–	–	6
Gustavo Vera (VEN)	21	–	7
Lee Sandoval (NIC)	28	–	9
Oscar Andrade (MEX)	–	–	10

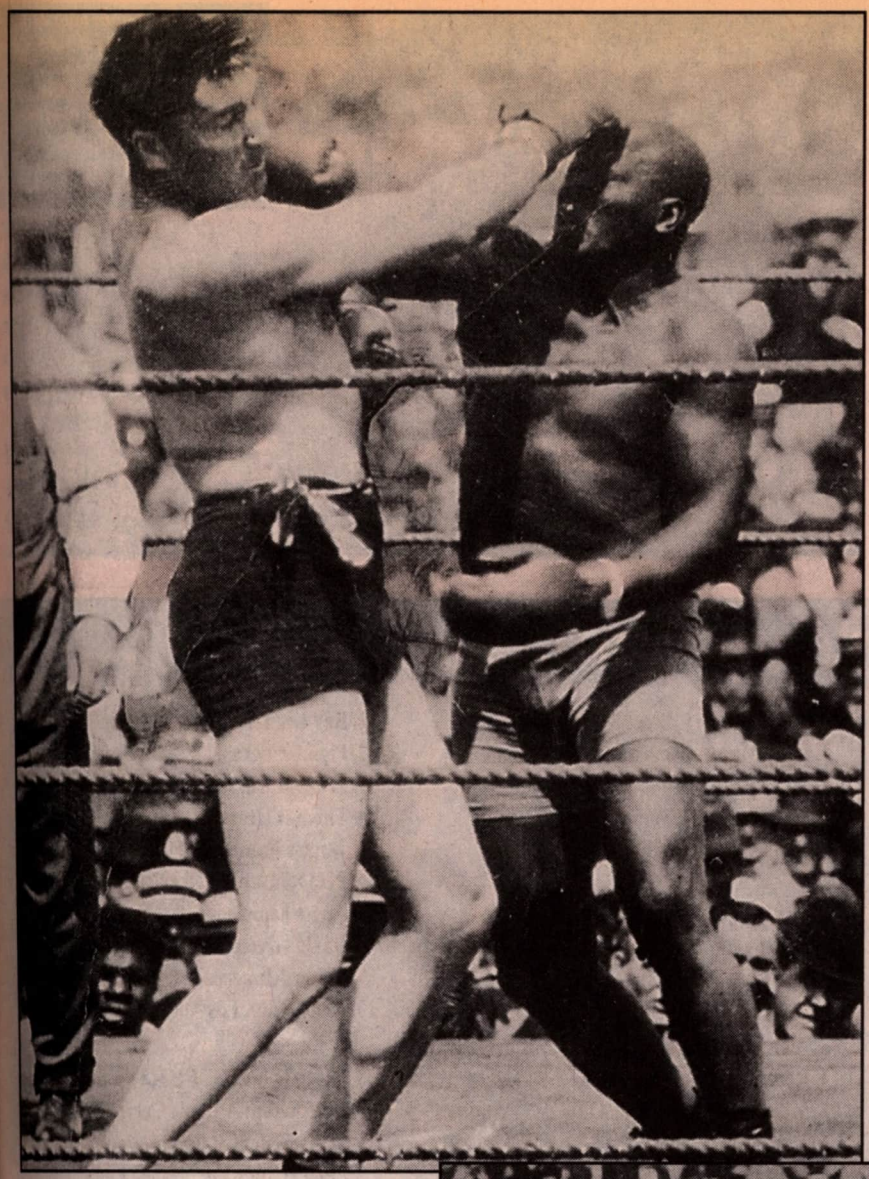
CLASSIC



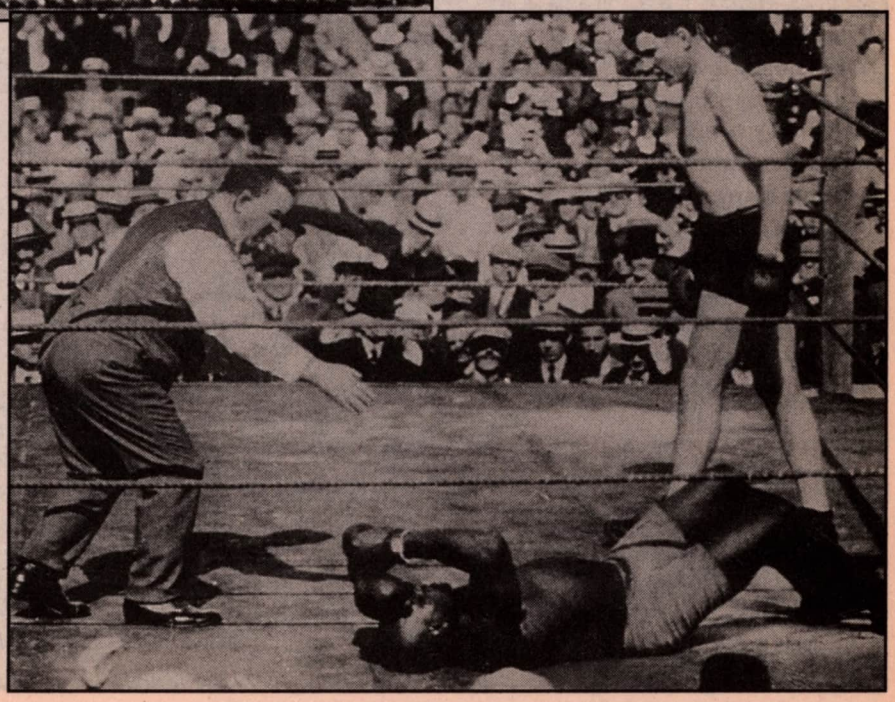
JESS WILLARD REVISITED

A Nostalgic Look At A Forgotten Champ

From The Ring, December 1979



The Great White Hope finally delivers: In the biggest win of his career, Willard mixes with legendary heavyweight champion Jack Johnson (left) before stopping him in the 26th round of their bout in Havana, Cuba (below).



By L. David Harris

A battered, bleeding Jess Willard had just lost the heavyweight boxing championship of the world to Jack Dempsey. Stumbling to his dressing room, he kept mumbling, "I have $100,000 and a farm in Kansas. I have $100,000 and a farm in Kansas..."

St. Clere, Kansas, is a wisp of a place—a couple of houses, a tavern. And a few vacant, weathered, ruined old buildings that hang on and refuse to fall.

This once was Willard country. Jess Willard country. Heavyweight boxing champion of the world from 1915 to 1919. The Kansas Giant. The Pottawatomie Plowboy. The Great White Hope.

And in a way that would have pleased old Jess, it's Willard country once again. Skip and Karen Keller have reopened the town's grocery store and turned it into Willard's Tavern.

Skip and Karen are natives of the area. She's from nearby Emmett; he's from Delia. They never knew Jess Willard; they never saw him. They were teenagers when he died in 1968, in Los Angeles. "But we grew up hearing about him," Karen said. "And we thought it was a shame that nobody remembered him that well, and his town didn't even have a sign up about him. So we decided to call our place Willard's Tavern. Now people remember a little more."

Jess Willard was born December 29, 1881, about a quarter-mile east of St. Clere in a house that's now abandoned, but still standing. Jess' father, who died two months before Jess was born, operated one of St. Clere's two grocery stores.

His father's store burned down more than 50 years ago. It was replaced nearby with another grocery store. That store ran for about 45 years, closing in 1973. Then it was operated as a tavern for several years, but closed again. Skip and Karen reopened it as Willard's Tavern in December 1977.

Six miles east of St. Clere is the Pottawatomie Indian reservation. Closer to

town, in the Cross Creek bottomlands, it's excellent wheat country and farmland. To the west, it's cattle country.

Very few remember details about Willard. Most don't remember him at all. But here and there … someone asks a question, someone tells an old story. Gusts of memory sweep through and someone else remembers.

Willard finished his career in circuses and wild west shows. He trouped with shows "where he rode out, waved his hat, then went back and helped with the shoveling."

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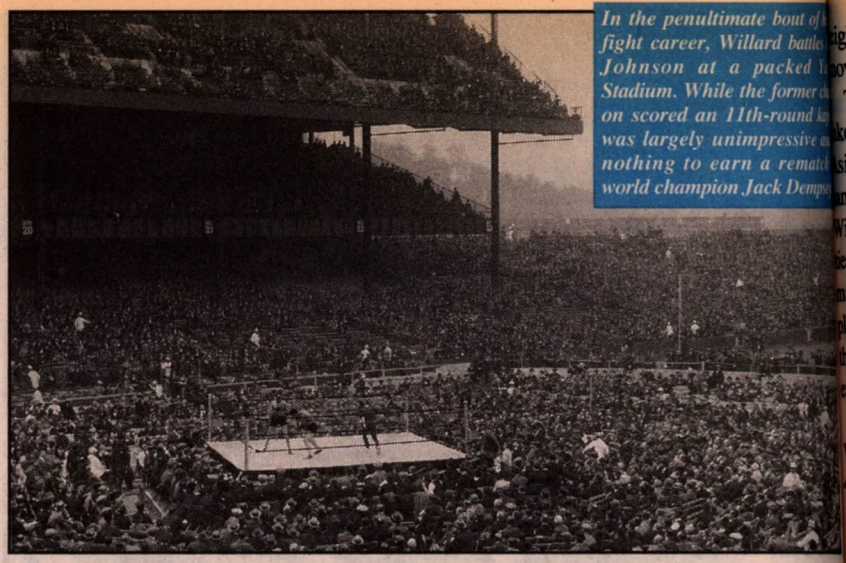
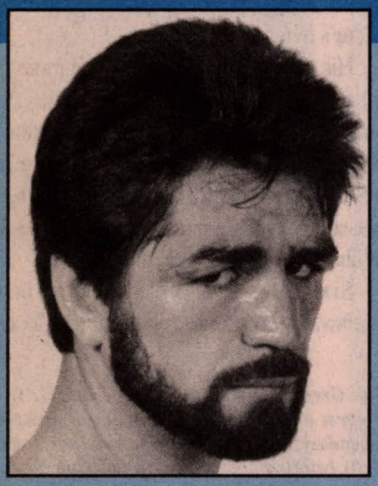
It's 1979, Saturday afternoon in St. Clere at Willard's Tavern. Jess would have been at home here. The place is filled with friendly,



In the penultimate bout of h fight career, Willard battles Johnson at a packed Y Stadium. While the former c on scored an 11th-round ka was largely unimpressive a nothing to earn a rematch world champion Jack Dempse

THE RING RATINGS, *December 1979*



Vito Antuofermo

HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: Title Vacant

1. **Larry Holmes****, Easton, PA
2. **Gerrie Coetzee**, South Africa
3. **John Tate**, Knoxville, TN
4. **Earnie Shavers**, Warren, OH
5. **Mike Weaver**, Los Angeles, CA
6. **Leroy Jones**, Denver, CO
7. **Lorenzo Zanon**, Italy
8. **Alfredo Evangelista**, Spain
9. **Scott LeDoux**, Minneapolis, MN
10. **Leon Spinks**, St. Louis, MO

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: Victor Galindez*, Argentina

1. **Matthew Saad Muhammad****, Philadelphia, PA
2. **Marvin Johnson**, Indianapolis, IN
3. **Yaqui Lopez**, Stockton, CA
4. **John Conteh**, England
5. **James Scott**, Rahway, NJ
6. **Eddie Gregory**, Brooklyn, NY
7. **Lotte Mwale**, Zambia
8. **Mustapha Wassaja**, Denmark
9. **Mike Rossman**, Turnersville, NJ
10. **Rudi Koopmans**, Holland

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

World Champ: Vito Antuofermo, Italy

1. **Marvin Hagler**, Brockton, MA
2. **Hugo Corro**, Argentina
3. **Alan Minter**, England
4. **Ronnie Harris**, Akron, OH
5. **Mike Colbert**, Portland, OR
6. **Tony Sibson**, England
7. **Mustafa Hamsho**, Syria
8. **Marcos Geraldo**, Mexico
9. **Georg Steinherr**, Germany
10. **David Love**, San Diego, CA

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS

World Champ: Masashi Kudo*, Japan

1. **Ayub Kalule**, Uganda
2. **Maurice Hope****, England
3. **Rocky Mosley Jr.**, Las Vegas, NV
4. **Frank Wissenbach**, Germany
5. **Rocky Mattioli**, Australia
6. **Tony Chiaverini**, Kansas City, MO
7. **Sandy Torres**, Puerto Rico
8. **Marijan Benes**. Yugoslavia
9. **Gert Steyn**, South Africa
10. **Andoni Amana**, Spain

WELTERWEIGHTS

World Champ: Wilfred Benitez**, Puerto Rico

1. **Ray Leonard**, Palmer Park, MD
2. **Pipino Cuevas**, Mexico
3. **Roberto Duran**, Panama
4. **Thomas Hearns**, Detroit, MI
5. **Jorgen Hansen**, Denmark
6. **Pete Ranzany**, Sacramento, CA
7. **Angel Espada**, Puerto Rico
8. **David Green**, England
9. **Manuel Jimenez**, Puerto Rico
10. **Andy Price**, Los Angeles, CA

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS

World Champ: Antonio Cervantes*, Colombia

1. **Jo Kimpuani**, Zaire
2. **Sang Hyun Kim****, South Korea
3. **Saoul Mamby**, New York, NY
4. **Miguel Montilla**, Dominican Republic
5. **Esteban DeJesus**, Puerto Rico
6. **Lennox Blackmoore**, Guyana
7. **Teo Ozuna**, Dominican Republic
8. **Sean O'Grady**, Oklahoma City, OK
9. **Bruce Curry**, Los Angeles, CA
10. **Juan Jose Gimenez**, Spain

LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: Title Vacant

1. **Ernesto Espana***, Venezuela
2. **Jim Watt****, Scotland
3. **Claude Noel**, Trinidad, WI
4. **Julio Valdez**, Dominican Republic
5. **Johnny Lira**, Chicago, IL
6. **Howard Davis Jr.**, Glen Cove, NY
7. **Jorge Morales**, Puerto Rico
8. **Vilomar Fernandez**, Dominican Republic

neighborly folks. Many are related. They all know each other.

Tammy Wynette serenades from the jukebox, then George Jones. Then Mel Tillis. Aside from the jukebox, chili, and heated sandwiches served out of a little microwave, Willard's Tavern is straight out of the frontier. Around its walls, a host of stuffed animals stand guard. A bobcat watches pool players. Antelope, deer, and raccoons watch the tables. Weasel, coyotes, fish, and ducks eye the bar.

Eventually, the conversation gets to Jess Willard. Those who remember say Willard was a good-hearted, easy-going giant of a man who preferred ponies to fighting, and married his childhood sweetheart, Hattie Evans, dreaming of nothing more than living happily ever after in a small Kansas town.

There are many Jess Willard stories. There's Jess, the unlucky, getting stabbed and almost dying when a friend got mad at him. There's Jess, the practical joker, taking a stranger for a wild ride to the local cemetery. There's Jess, the big man, who really didn't like to fight, but when he did, nothing—or nobody—could stop him. There's Jess, the bashful suitor, who had eyes only for Hattie. There's Jess, the hard-riding cowboy and driver who "thought a buggy seat was a throne and the whip his scepter ... master of the horses and just as strong as they are."

Jess' stepfather, E.L. Stalker, who later retired from St. Clere farming and moved to Topeka, told a reporter from the Topeka *Daily Capital* in 1915 that "Jess was a fine boy, a good boy. But we never could get him to go to school. He always played hooky ...

"There was a strip of timber between my farm and the schoolhouse, and Jess' mother used to take a switch and follow him part way to school to make sure he wouldn't play hooky. But when he reached that timber, Jess would disappear and we wouldn't see him anymore until after school hours.

"He had some kind of a disagreement with the teacher and went to school only long enough to learn to read and write. He was 11 years old when I married his mother, but he was a big, fat, good-natured boy. He never gave any trouble at home."

And when he was younger, he was remembered for his size. Gertie Benner once told friends, "If I'd a known Jess was to become famous, I'd have kept better track of his antics. But when I think about him now, what I remember most is how cute he was in his little wooden-wheeled wagon in which we hauled him around. He was a fat, overgrown baby."

When Jess was 12, he started his own business, horse-trading with the Pottawatomie Indians. Apparently, he gave the neighboring Pottawatomies whiskey in return for some of their wildest ponies. He would later tame the ponies and sell them to local farmers.

The local folk say Willard did most of his early boxing and wrestling at the Emmett livery stable, which he built and operated in his late-teens. They say he was the "impartial referee" for many a bout and always a winner in his own scraps.

And although Willard was "broke most of the time," he used his size to advantage. They tell how he collected a debt by grabbing the debtor, holding him upside down in the air, and shaking the money out of his pockets.

Agnes Lasswell remembers Willard "from all the country parties" that were part of the community. "We went to all of those," she said. "It was everybody's social life. And Jess played 'Skip To My Lou' and 'Drop The Handkerchief' just like the rest of us."

Her husband Roy, now 89, says, "I remember seeing Jess when I was a little boy. He was about eight years older than me. And he was big—really big! He would pass

*–WBA Champion **–WBC Champion

9. Aaron Pryor, Cincinnati, OH
10. Hilmer Kenty, Detroit, MI

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Samuel Serrano*, Puerto Rico
1. Alexis Arguello**, Nicaragua
2. Frankie Baltazar, Los Angeles, CA
3. Bobby Chacon, Los Angeles, CA
4. Bazooka Limon, Mexico
5. Rodolfo Sanchez, Spain
6. Victor Echegary, Argentina
7. Greg Coverson, Columbus, OH
8. Roberto Elizondo, Corpus Christi, TX
9. Arturo Leon, Tucson, AZ
10. Carlos Hernandez, Spain

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Danny Lopez**, Los Angeles, CA
1. Eusebio Pedroza*, Panama
2. Ruben Castillo, Bakersfield, CA
3. Roberto Castanon, Spain
4. Cecilio Lastra, Spain
5. Mike Ayala, San Antonio, TX
6. Juan Malvarez, Argentina
7. Eddie Ndukwu, Nigeria
8. Hector Carrasquilla, Panama
9. Salvador Sanchez, Mexico
10. Nene Jun, Philippines

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Wilfredo Gomez**, Puerto Rico
1. Ricardo Cardona*, Colombia
2. Nicky Perez, Tucson, AZ
3. Juan Meza, Los Angeles, CA
4. Jose Caba, Dominican Republic
5. Soon Yun Chung, South Korea
6. Sergio Palma, Argentina
7. Javier Flores, Salt Lake City, UT
8. Leo Cruz, Dominican Republic
9. Shuchi Isogami, Japan
10. Hiroyuki Iwamote, Japan

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champ: Jorge Lujan*, Panama
1. Lupe Pintor**, Mexico
2. Carlos Zarate, Mexico
3. Alberto Davila, Los Angeles, CA
4. Juan F. Rodriguez, Spain
5. Roberto Rubaldino, Mexico
6. Oscar Muniz, Los Angeles, CA
7. Ricardo Bennett, Panama
8. Julian Solis, Puerto Rico
9. Andres Hernandez, Puerto Rico
10. Juan Alvarez, Mexico

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Chan Hee Park**, South Korea
1. Yoko Gushiken, Japan
2. Betulio Gonzalez*, Venezuela
3. Miguel Canto, Mexico
4. Guty Espadas, Mexico
5. Sung Jun Kim, South Korea
6. Charlie Magri, England
7. Joey Olivo, Los Angeles, CA
8. Shoji Oguma, Japan
9. Netrnoi Vorasingh, Thailand
10. Rey Melendez, Dominican Republic

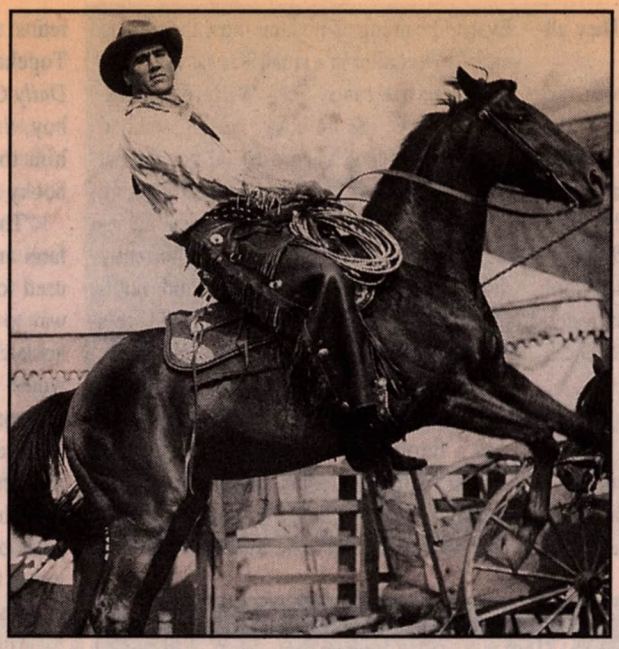
by our place riding in from Indian country. He'd ride those little woolly ponies. And his legs were so long, they'd drag the ground.

"I knew him all his life. We visited him in California about 15 years ago. He was a good man ... he was one of us."

***

Bob Brown remembers Willard. Brown is a former state senator, now widowed and ranching near St. Clere. "I knew him later," Brown said. "I knew him when he was the champion. He had bought a large farm outside Lawrence, Kansas. I remember, too, that in the legislature, we wanted to get a stamp made in his honor. But somehow it just didn't take."

Poor old Jess Willard. History hit him below the belt. Even when he won the big one ...



After his fighting days were over, Willard frequently appeared in circuses and wild west shows. "The Pottawatomie Giant" hailed from Kansas. He first started boxing and wrestling in a livery stable.

He was pushing 30 when they took him out of the St. Clere wheat fields, out of his Emmett livery stable where he broke Indian ponies. They told him it was his patriotic duty to restore the heavyweight championship to the white race. They told him he was to be "The Great White Hope."

He was an easy-going giant who "didn't want to hurt anybody." And he suffered terribly when his roundhouse right killed a man in one of his first fights.

He wanted to quit then. But they told him he was The Great White Hope. He went ahead and won the title from Jack Johnson. Johnson later said he took a dive and let Willard win. When Jack Dempsey won the title from Willard, nearly killing him, Willard said Dempsey's gloves were loaded.

Another time, Willard boarded a train at Menoken, Kansas, and headed for Emmett, announcing to the conductor that he had no money for a ticket. Further, he said, he would fight the conductor "and all the train crew" before he would get off. He stayed on. But when he got to Emmett, he borrowed ticket money from a friend and paid.

Willard had been breaking horses, running a wagon train, and farming. "One day I saw some fellows straining to lift a bale of cotton," he told the reporter. "It must have weighed 500 pounds. I lifted it up on the wagon, and they said, 'With all your strength and size, why don't you take up fighting?'"

And he did. In his career, Willard had 35 fights, all main events. He scored 20 knockouts, won three by decision, lost two by decision, one on an unintentional foul, had five no-decision matches, one draw, and was stopped only by Joe Cox, Dempsey, and Luis Firpo.

***

Willard won the heavyweight championship from Johnson on a torrid afternoon at a Havana racetrack, April 5, 1915. He went into the fight an underdog, but Johnson wasn't in shape and Willard had trained mightily.

A movie of the Johnson-Willard fight showed it was an even contest for 20 rounds, with Willard using his 84-inch reach to good advantage. It ended with Willard knocking Johnson out in the 26th of the scheduled 45-round match.

Five years later, Johnson, impoverished and living in Paris, sold a magazine article in which he claimed he had taken a dive.

"I always said," Willard remarked, "if he was going to quit, why did he wait 26 rounds, one hour and 44 minutes, under a sun that was 115 degrees hot, to quit? Or wait five years to say he took a dive?"

After the Johnson victory, Willard was a local—if not national—hero. Cashing in on his newfound popularity, he toured the country with several wild west shows and circuses, among them the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, and Circus and Sells Floto Circus. With all the shows, he rode horses a[nd] appeared in wild west displays. B[ill] on Sells Floto, he and wrestli[ng] champion Frank Gotch both "[to] all comers," and a prize w[as] offered to anyone who could s[tay] in the ring with either of them [for] more than 15 minutes. One of h[is] first stops was at the Topeka F[air] Grounds. Many of his St. Clere a[nd] Emmett friends came to see him.

Roy Lasswell remembe[rs] Willard showing him the boxi[ng] gloves he wore for the Johnso[n] fight. "Oh, he was something," Lasswell said. "Part of his sho[w] there at the fairgrounds was to l[et] people come up and pound on him. pound on his chest, as hard as the[y] could. But they couldn't hurt him. They'd pound on him and he'd just laugh."

But four years later, he didn't laugh. Defending the title in the 112-degree heat against Dempsey in Toledo, Ohio, Willard was floored eight times in the first round, his cheekbone crushed, his ribs caved in. He had to quit when his crushed ribs threatened to puncture a lung. He couldn't breathe. His manager and handlers did a disappearing act. His eyes were so swollen that a spectator had to lead him back to his dressing room. Spitting blood, he kept mumbling, "I have $100,000 and a farm in Kansas ..."

His wife, Hattie, who had watched the fight at ringside, told the Associated Press, "I am sorry that Jess was beaten, but I can truthfully say that I'm happy he's no longer champion.

"It means, now, that we shall be able to live in peace. Jess will become a private citizen again. It was the second boxing contest I had ever witnessed, and I do not want to witness any more. I'll be happy when I can take Jess back to our children."

Willard contended all his life that Dempsey's gloves, or at least the left one, which had done all the damage, contained something other than the usual padding.

He blamed Dempsey's manager, Jack Kearns. In laughing off Willard's claim, Kearns told the Associated Press, "Naw, I didn't use plaster of Paris on the bandages, it was cement."

For many years, Willard was regarded as a mediocre fighter who wouldn't have won the championship had Johnson really trained

for the fight. Willard was judged awkward, lacking a killer instinct, and it was said that he won only because of his enormous size—6'7", 250 pounds.

However, students of the films of the Johnson-Willard fight agreed that Willard was a far better fighter than they had realized or remembered, maybe the most underrated heavyweight champion of all-time.

Willard was moved, in turn, to comment, "I'm glad some of these things finally came out, even if it was 45 years too late."

***

His last remembered visit to St. Clere was in August 1935, when he stopped "for a beer at Ben Allen's and shook hands with all his friends." And he told them he always got homesick when people referred to him as "The Pottawatomie Giant."

His friends kept in touch. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Perry of St. Clere moved to California and often saw the old champion. During one of their last visits, Willard brought out the boxing gloves he wore when he won the championship. He had also kept a saddle from his circus days.

***

In his last years, one of Willard's closest friends was Joseph Stone, chairman of the communications arts department of Loyola Marymount University at Los Angeles.

Stone, also an ex-fighter, did a television documentary of Willard's life, which Stone claims proves that Dempsey did indeed have something in his gloves when he beat Willard.

What did Willard think about being The Great White Hope?

"It didn't seem to me he felt especially about it one way or the other. He wasn't a racist. I was around him a whole lot and I never once heard any racial references. I never heard that at all.

"And now talking about him, I'm reminded of what a really amazing man he was, how sociable he could be, yet change all at once."

Stone told about taking a *New York Times* reporter to meet Willard.

"We sat there and the fellow asked Jess a ton of questions. And Jess was on one of his upbeat days and it was beautiful. And the interviewer was just smiling and looking at me and laughing, and he was off and running.

"But ultimately, he said to Jess, 'Now Jess, with all this experience and the Dempsey fight so long in the past, and you both such great figures, did you ever think of a friendship with him?'

"The old man looked like a storm cloud. And pretty soon the interviewer just quit because he could see the old man was just glowering ... And that was the end of the interview. I mean, he didn't say another word! And I looked at his wife, Hattie, and she looked at me, and I said to the interviewer, 'Let's go.'

"And we got up and went out and Hattie saw us to the door and the old man is still sitting on the couch, glowering and staring straight ahead.

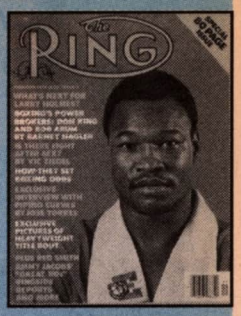
"I'll tell you, Jess Willard was a remarkable, wonderful man. But the whole thing with Dempsey was a shadow over his life."

In his last years, Willard suffered from chronic heart trouble. The week he died, he had been hospitalized, and released, then readmitted with another heart attack.

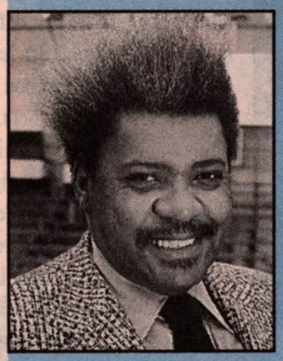
His wife and son, Alan, were with him when he died.

A doctor told reporters, Jess Willard went out fighting. ■

THE RING, December 1979

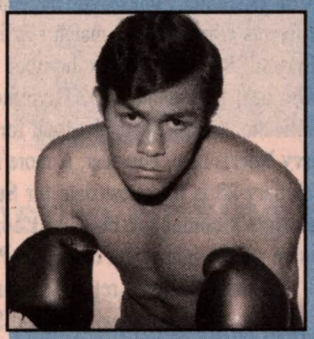


The Cover: It hasn't taken long for undefeated WBC champion Larry Holmes to establish himself as the best heavyweight in the world. What's next for "The Easton Assassin"? An off-the-floor stoppage of Earnie Shavers suggests there's plenty of excitement ahead.



The Power Brokers: Barney Nagler examines the two most powerful men in boxing, promoters Bob Arum and Don King (pictured). Both promoters became big-time by working with Muhammad Ali, and both want to become the greatest.

Boxing And Sex: Vic Ziegel shatters the age-old myth: No sex before a fight. Says guru Cus D'Amato (pictured), "It's only because a fighter is taught that sex is bad for him that he believes it. He goes into the ring worrying that he might get tired. And that's what makes him tired."



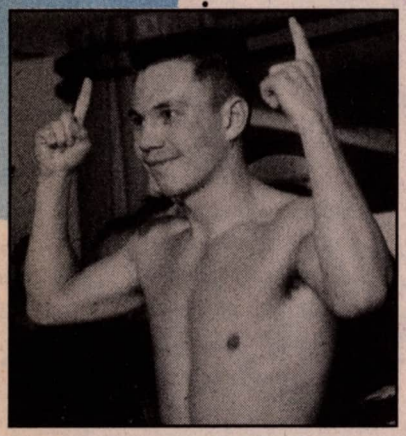
Mexican Bonebreaker: Former light heavyweight champion Jose Torres profiles WBA welterweight champion Pipino Cuevas, who has been crushing title challengers since winning the crown in 1976. Cuevas is stoic, but for the fans of Mexico, his fists provide plenty of charisma.

Fighter Of The Month: The co-winners are WBC heavyweight champion Larry Holmes (pictured), who rose from the canvas to kayo Earnie Shavers, and top-rated welterweight contender Sugar Ray Leonard, who moved closer to a title shot by crushing veteran contender Andy Price in one round.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Steve Farhood

THE NEW TSZYU-KEEPER



Tszyu: Big fights ahead

Don't expect him to lose any fights, but in 1997, Kostya Tszyu will surely lose the tag of best-kept secret in boxing. That's because the unbeaten IBF junior welterweight champion signed with Top Rank in October. Tszyu, who whetted the appetite of U.S. fans when he destroyed Jake Rodriguez in January 1995, has been defending solely in his adopted homeland of Australia. Now he'll defend solely on pay-per-view cards in America.

"He was making good money is Australia, but that's a limited market," explained Todd duBoef, Top Rank's vice president. "We'll promote him in the U.S. and get him the exposure needed so big fights can be available to him."

In Tszyu's case, "big fights" translates to Oscar De La Hoya. Julio Cesar Chavez is likely to secure a rematch with "The Golden Boy" before Tszyu, 27, gets his turn, but those who known the Russian-born slugger are well-aware of how explosive a De La Hoya-Tszyu fight could turn out to be.

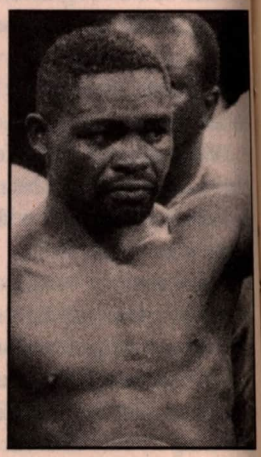
"Tszyu has unbelievable power in both hands," said duBoef. "He fights almost like a Tyson; he has no respect for the guy he's in with. Outside the ring, he's a nice, soft-spoken guy. But his arrogance goes back to the 1992 Olympics. His attitude was, 'I'm the world champion and I don't need this.'"

Look for Tszyu, 18-0 (14), on the January 18 PPV card headlined by De La Hoya's defense against Miguel Angel Gonzalez. (The show will also include a 10-rounder featuring Chavez.) "At this point," said duBoef, "there's such a frenzy for a De La Hoya-Chavez rematch in the Hispanic market that we have to do it. In the meantime, we'll build Tszyu up."

So that he'll get the chance to knock De La Hoya down.

LISTEN UP

On December 6, WBC super featherweight champion **Azumah Nelson** was scheduled to defend against former titlist **Genaro Hernandez** on HBO. Nelson broke his right hand in training, and bout has been rescheduled for March. A light heavyweight rematch, **Montell Griffin** vs. **James Toney** (with the winner to presumably face **Roy Jones**), is still on ... Main Events would like to match sizzling heavyweight **David Tua** with **Jimmy Thunder**. Instead, it looks like the bomber will get blown-up cruiserweight **David Izonritei**, who beat him at the 1992 Olympics ... Should a **Pernell Whitaker-Felix Trinidad** unification match be made, look for it to land at Madison Square Garden. A Trinidad-**Terry Norris** bout, however, is more likely to materialize ... Further long-range planning: February 28 is the latest date for **Sugar Ray Leonard-Hector Camacho** ... **Dana Rosenblatt's** comeback bout will come against **Glenwood Brown** ... **Ivan Robinson's** shot at IBF lightweight champion **Phillip Holiday** will come on December 21 ... **Larry Holmes'** retirement lasted about as long as we anticipated. On January 24, Holmes will be paid $500,000 to take on unbeaten Dane **Brian Nielsen** in Copenhagen.



Nelson to face Hernandez

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Azumah Nelson	Genaro Hernandez	5-2	Azumah simply too strong
Hector Camacho	Sugar Ray Leonard	2½-1	Leonard must have lost his mind
Steve Collins	Vinny Pazienza	7-5	Big advantage to whoever is hometown fighter
Roy Jones	Bernard Hopkins	15-1	Jones is unbeatable at 168 or less
Kostya Tszyu	Julio Cesar Chavez	5-2	Mexican legend can't beat top fighters any longer

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